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The Spirit of the South.

GOVERNOR WISE ON THE UNION.

SPEECH AT A MASS MEETING IN RICHMOND, VA., SEPT. 20.

MR. PRESIDENT, if this was an ordinary political canvass—if we were not standing upon the very brink of the most terrible of revolutions—if I was not standing in the position that I am, charged with your trust, bound by your obligations, clothed with your power—not only responsible to my God, to my country and to myself, but officially bound by a judicial oath—I would delight, sir, to address this assembly to-night. The ordinary topics I could calmly touch; the ordinary arguments, *pro* and *con*, as parties have contended heretofore, I could weigh calmly and not distrust myself; but I say to you that, as the chief magistrate of this State, I do not feel that I can anticipate coming events, which cast their shadows before them. None of the old issues disturb me in times like these—about old and State differences in mere party positions. There is a weight at this moment resting upon the minds of serious men, which is oppressive. You have heard of the past time which has tried men's souls. Times are coming, and are near upon us which will again try who are men, who are triflers, and who are traitors (enthusiastic cheers). You, whose minds are occupied in the way of ordinary business, may talk and feel as usual about a Presidential election: you are not called on, as I am, to think and feel about nothing else but the business of the State, the safety of her people; and you may not see the dangers around us as I do, because it is not so much your province as mine to look ahead and ask "What is coming, and what shall be done for the Commonwealth?" though that, as patriots, is your concern as well as mine. But as for me, every moment, every hour almost—every hour, because the small hours are taken from sleep to think. I say every moment is occupied in reflecting what must the Governor of Virginia do in the coming contingency. I feel that it is no time to trifle with, no time to hesitate, and yet no time to rashly anticipate anything, or to say lightly what shall be done. Do not misunderstand me, sir. Dreadful as these responsibilities are, let no man do me the injustice to suppose that I am, at a moment like this, skulking from this responsibility (enthusiastic cheers). Do not suppose that I regret you have placed me where I may be called upon in this border State first to act. You may have found—and would to God you had found—a stronger man to lean upon; but such as I am, physically, mentally and morally, I thank God that I am where I am, and that I am with you prepared for the worst (cheers). I need your assistance, and every man needs that of his neighbour; but if the worst comes to the worst, and the thunder, and the lightning, and the storm must rage, I say I shall meet it without fear (enthusiastic cheers). The terms are presented to us, and we have to choose those which are most favourable to our interests. Each party now in the field holds out certain terms, and the question with us is, which are we to accept? I say, if there is a conservative party left in the country—the only national, the only Union-loving party, whose flag waves and floats in every State of the confederacy—that party is the great Democratic party (loud cheers). On the one hand you have peace, safety, prosperity, progress—on, on, as we have been going for more than seventy years. But, on the other hand, if this ground-swell of fanaticism, not in the North alone, but in the South as well as in the North—for there is evidence that we have fanatics among us—if the evils of all the isms shall combine, and that which yesterday was the last is no longer the worst; but we have another present which is last and worst—if all the isms, I say, combined in the superlative ism, which I denounce as demonism, shall prevail against Democracy, God knows the question fearfully arises, what will we do? To decide this will not depend upon one or two. This puts the argument of the election in its proper light; and whilst I feel the gloom of the responsible position in which I am placed, I may console myself, sir, and I do, that I am but an humble State executive officer—that I will be but ministerial. I shall have to obey orders—legislative orders, conventional orders. I have more masters than one. Your organized legislative and judicial power may control me; but above all, that which is above legislative, judicial and executive power—the constitutional power of the people—may control me. I am glad that I have these great instruments to defend me against the weight and pressure of that responsibility which is now so heavy, and may be so much greater in the future. About a year ago, or a little more, I warned you that that black, insidious, midnight order, which stalked this State with its dark lantern, and which deceived many honest-minded men, but none of its leaders—I warned you of the fact that Know-Nothingism would terminate in demonism to distract the South and to fuse in the North. I am not going to debate the question here to-night, who is right or who is wrong. God forbid that I should ever debate the question who is right or who is wrong, North or South, or which is the assailant of the other? Sir, if Mr. A or B should knock me down or spit in my face, I would as soon debate with him the question who began the quarrel? If you ask me whether the North is assailing the South or *vice versa*, I tell you there is one piece of inherent evidence that beats the record of evidence out of sight. I would not give one piece of inherent testimony for all the extrinsic evidence in the world. Let me illustrate what I mean. A party of twelve men are sworn to try the fact whether A assaulted B, or B assaulted A. There are no witnesses present, if you please, but the parties themselves. They are all alone with each other on the highway; and from their own stories you learn that the subject matter of the controversy is a piece of property—a bank note, or anything else—which is owned and possessed by the one, and which the other desired to take away. Now, independent of all positive proof, which of the two, in the nature of the case, was to be the assailant—he who had the thing, or he who had it not? The possessor had only to remain at peace in order to continue in quiet possession. The assailant had to be him who had not the possession, and who desired to take it away from him who lawfully held it. Well, now, so it is with the North and the South. The South has property in slaves—a property known to the laws, a possession which is fortified by a quadruple tier of laws—Federal Constitution and Federal statutes, State Constitutions and State statutes—and it has rights belonging to that property equally recognised and fortified; and that property and those rights the North desires to abolish, to take away and to destroy. The South desires to be let alone—to be left in quiet, lawful possession; and the North is bent upon disturbing and destroying the quiet possession and enjoyment of that property. Which, in the nature of the case, is bound to be the assailant? He whose very interest and policy is peace, or the other, who has no other mode of success but aggression? What, among wise and just men, ought to be the verdict? Why, that the man with the bank note ought to be allowed safely to walk the highway with it in his pocket, and his lawful property ought not to tempt any one to assail him for its possession (cheers.) And the South ought to be let alone, and no power ought, without law and against law, to attempt to abolish and destroy its property in slaves. And the fact proves itself, that the party which would abolish and destroy the property is necessarily the party which must assail the party which possesses it. Attempt not to abolish the legal rights and possessions, and there will be no war. But there is war, and the subject of controversy is property which is lawful in the one and which the other would destroy; and the war itself, for such a cause, shows who is the assailant. So stands the case as to who is in the wrong. You need not tell me, then, who voted for the Missouri Compromise or who voted against it. I know this about it, that the Missouri restriction was the first proposition made that slave property should not be enjoyed; that the Compromise was, that it should not apply to the State of Missouri in particular, but that the restriction should apply to all territory North of the line of 36 deg. 30 min., without an equivalent South of that line; that the restriction which assailed the rights of property without compensation was no compromise; that there was no constitutional power to press it, and that its repeal restores the Constitution as the true compact between the parties (cheers.) I know, moreover, Mr. President, that Demonism is complaining, hypocritically, that the peaceful rights of property, and the peaceful settlements of the people upon the public lands of Kansas are assailed—a Territory not yet a sovereignty, but a mere creature of sovereignty, with no other guarantee of government than an organic act of Congress. While they complain that Border Ruffians are assailing persons and property in Kansas, Black Republican ruffians are assailing persons and property every day and every hour, within the sacred limits of the sovereign State of Virginia, all along a line of nine hundred miles of her boundary and frontier. Virginia was sovereign before the Union began—she is one of the old thirteen original States, who, since Independence, have been the creators of sovereignties—who created sovereignties to be equal, not to be superiour, to themselves. She asks only for equality out of her limits, only for peace within her limits (enthusiastic cheers). She has every guarantee of original right, of sovereignty, of constitutions and of laws; and yet a black power without her limits assumes to say, and does say, and persists in saying, that slave property shall not be peaceably and safely enjoyed within the limits which she reserved from her original vast proportions—that the Constitution and laws shall not reign anywhere in respect to these rights on the subject of slavery. You might as well own a thousand dollars floating on a chip on the Ohio river, as to own a slave worth a thousand dollars on the banks of that stream in the limits of Virginia. Is this to be borne much longer? If Kansas may complain of her wrongs, may Virginia not still more complain? If sympathy is roused for rights in the Territory, may we not be pardoned for having sympathies for our own rights in a State? (Enthusiastic cheers.) Now, what is the issue—the alternative? With civil war raging in Kansas about slavery and its rights, with a Black Republican mob seizing all the powers of the sovereign State of California, and hanging and banishing peaceable citizens, and imprisoning Supreme Judges, with incendiary revolution attempted in the popular branch of Congress, and for a time, aye, for a session of Congress, successful, and within three votes of being finally successful, with the black knight, with vizor down, standing astride the limits of Virginia and forbidding and preventing the reign of law for the protection of property and for safety in our limits. In this state of things, with these magazines ready to explode, with these burning ploughshares under our feet, whilst the strength of Fillmore is nothing, whilst the old Whig party is dissolved, whilst but two antagonisms are left, when the whole issue is Slavery or Abolition, Fremont or Buchanan, Democracy or Demonism—tell me whether the issues are not terrible for sheer sectionalism to rear a black flag in sixteen States of the Union only, where there is a numerical majority of a people without a tie or association with the property to be protected, and when it dares not raise its standard in the other fifteen States for fear of their penal laws? They are fearful issues; they are issues of peace or war—of civil war, of blood, disunion and death (tremendous cheers). Sir, to tell me we should submit to the election of a Black Republican, under circumstances like these, when the election would be an open, overt proclamation of public war, is to tell me that Virginia and her fourteen sister slave States are already subjugated and degraded (cheers)—that the Southern people are without spirit and without purpose to defend the rights they know and dare not maintain (cheers). When in Charlestown, Kanawha County, last year, I was told by the best authority that that town was paying $80 a night to guard against the escape of fugitives from the salines of Kanawha. Was ever a stamp tax like that? Yet such is the tax already levied by Black Republicanism upon us from without our borders, and within our limits. What would be our burthens, if the whole Executive power of the Federal Government, great as it is, should be put into the hands of Black Republicanism, by a proscriptive sectionalism, for the very purpose of invading our property in our very homes, at the hazard of our lives? Do sober, rational minds expect us to wait, and submit a moment, if the trust of that power shall be confided to demonism for such a purpose? (Cheers.) Should John C. Fremont be thus elected by Black Republicans, tell me, men who are jealous of your rights, would you dare trust him and his party after the proclamations they have made, after the blood they have shed, after the losses and burthens they have already imposed? (Loud cheers.) I know not what you will do, for we have enemies in our midst, whom it behooves us to guard against with no less vigilance than against those beyond our limits, and we have men who set themselves up for the only true conservatives, who are wolves in sheep's clothing—men who pretend to be for Fillmore, but who would throw up their caps if John C. Fremont was elected. I do not hesitate to say that I believe there are many voters in the State of Virginia ready to follow the leader of a party in this town who made that execrable speech at the African Church, in his treason to his State, his kindred and his home, which he openly publishes (cheers). I wish he had been battling for Fillmore alone: but the effect of his blows is to tend to the election of Fremont. Fillmore is an angel of light compared with Fremont (cheers). God only knows what the real intent of the speech was, but I have no hesitation in saying that I regard John Minor Botts as utterly heedless of the effect of that speech whether it tends to elect Fillmore or Fremont, so Democracy would be defeated. It is more a Fremont than it is a Fillmore speech. I undertake to say to this agitator and disturber of our peace and unity among ourselves, that there is a Mayor in this city, a Commonwealth's Attorney, and a Grand Jury, and he had better look to the clauses of the penal statutes of the code of Virginia, which impose fine and imprisonment for the offence of speaking, writing or publishing matter tending to impair the value of property in slaves. Draw up the indictment—summon a venire—read the statutes—introduce the offensive Wilmot Proviso speech made years ago in Powhattan, I believe, and his speech made here a few weeks ago in the African church, a fit rostrum for its Black Republicanism. Give both in evidence to prove his confessions and the *quo animo* of guilt or innocence; and if he could not be convicted, it would be because he would avail himself of some technical and formal defence (enthusiastic cheers). I speak more as a citizen—more as a slaveholder—more as a Southern man, feeling deeply on this subject, than as one learned in the technicalities of the law, when I say, that if he has not violated the letter, he has violated the whole spirit of the laws for the protection of slave property (loud cheers). He has furnished arguments and rallying cries to the *New York Herald* and *Tribune;* and has raised a black flag in our very midst. A speech like this—an offence like this—cries to heaven against one who ought to have let his right hand forget its cunning, and his tongue cleave to the roof of his mouth before he uttered treason to the hearth and home of the mother who bore him (tremendous cheers.) Rousing at the call of the State, now when every loyal spirit is planning for the public good—when the bravest hands are raised to strike for Virginia, if meanly lurking in our midst, one be found, false to his trust, his honour and his home, who, scorning sanctions, human and divine, betrays his country and his State to her foes, and sells eternal honour for eternal shame, justice then reddens into wrath and demands the culprit for the great example, which will restore social order and reinstate the laws (enthusiastic cheers). The worst of traitors is the traitor to his native land (cheers). He is:

> A traitor to mankind, who in a cause,
> What down the course of time will fire the world,
> Rides not upon the lightning of the sky,
> To save his country. (Tremendous cheers.)

I love the Union of the States better than any Black Republican does (cheers). I know of but one thing worse than disunion—but one, and that is dishonour (enthusiastic applause). I have said it, and I repeat it a thousand times, it is with the Union of the States as it is with the union of matrimony—a good man, a good citizen, a good moralist, a good husband, a good father will bear anything, bear on, bear all, bear ever—all except one thing. The moment his honour is touched by a pin's point, he will burst the bonds of union as the burning withes were bursted by the vigorous limbs of the yet unsborn Nazarite (tremendous cheers). I believe, and here proclaim it to you in the Capital of the State over which I am constituted Governor, that the most conservative, the most patriotic thing you can do to preserve this Union, with all its blessings—and they are immeasureable and innumerable—is, to convince, in some stern, strong form of expression—soberly, seriously, calmly, with the purpose of men who know their rights and dare maintain them—convince these Northern demons and the traitors in your midst that you will not bear dishonour; that you will not submit to be subdued; that you will not submit to be degraded by being provincialized (enthusiastic applause). Convince them of this and your property is safe, your peace is safe, your country is safe (cheers). How will you convince them? I am waiting for your orders (loud cheers). I want you to ask yourselves first, what you will do. If Buchanan is elected President of the United States there will be no aggression upon us by the goverument, and you will have nothing to do. You have only to go out and keep the peace. Sit still under your own vine and fig tree, and all will remain happy and united, and your blessings—so far as government protection and executive action are concerned—will be left unmarred. At all events we shall have a respite (enthusiastic applause). But the fearful alternative is, what will you do if the Black Republican candidate is elected? If Buchanan is not to be elected, God grant that Fillmore, as he is a man of patriotism and principle—for I take great pleasure in testifying to his being a good man, though on the subject of slavery an Abolitionist, as I know him to be from nearly eleven years service with him in Congress—I say God grant that he may be elected if Buchanan is not. But, sir, he is out of sight in this race. He will serve to distract and divide neighbour from neighbour in the South, and to fuse foes in the North. His name will serve to shield some bad men who really do not mean an honest, *bona fide* support of him (loud cheers). It will serve to keep off some good men and divide them from the Democracy, though I am glad to see that the best of them are beginning to concede that Democracy is the only hope of safety. But, if Fremont is elected, is it a wrong, they will ask, that one man is elected instead of another? Never will we say that that is a wrong. Fremont is nothing (cheers). He is less than nothing in my estimation (enthusiastic cheers). He is but a mere personation of Black Republicanism, the bearer of the black flag (cheers). The question will not be, shall Fremont reign over you and me? but it will be, shall the black flag be erected, shall the higher law be executed by the President of the United States over the reign of the constitution and laws? Shall property be invaded with impunity? Yes, you will find hundreds that will say—they begin already to say, "Oh! wait—wait for some overt act—wait for him to do some wrong!" Tell me, will any person entertaining feelings of self-respect, having the spirit and courage of a man, wait to prepare for war whilst its cloud is in the horizon until after the declaration of war is made? Tell me if the hoisting of the Black Republican flag in the hands of an adventurer, born illegitimately in a neighboring State, if not ill-begotten in this very city—tell me if the hoisting of the black flag over you by a Frenchman's bastard, whilst the arms of civil war are already clashing, is not to be deemed an overt act and a declaration of war? Well, sir, you will not only hear the cry, wait, wait, and that too in the sacred name of the Union—that can only be saved by action now—they will say wait, wait, wait, not only in the sacred name of conservatism, which they are crushing, but they will go further. My friend (Mr. Scott) asked this evening what Southern man would dare to take office under Fremont? I tell him man after man—I can lay my finger upon them—that will say, "Oh! you will allow me to take office, because we will go in to protect your rights!" They will have us wait that they may have the privilege of holding office. If you submit to the election of Fremont, you will prove what Seward and Burlingame have said, to be true—that the South cannot be kicked out of the Union. There will be no limit to aggression. There will be an unlimited, degrading submission. In this state of things what do we see? The farce of legerdemain played by parties, pretending to be opposed to each other, every day, at every convention, and every meeting of the people—pretending to quarrel and then fusing—these that style themselves old line Whigs calling themselves the "other" party, and the Know-Nothings calling themselves the "tother" party (laughter and cheers). The Whigs hold a Convention, and you see it full of Know-Nothings; and the Know-Nothings hold a Convention, and you see it full of Whigs; and they claim to be the "other" party, or the "tother" party, according to the circumstances, while they are all fusing the North and distracting the South. How long are you Southern people to be honeyfuggled, cajoled and cheated out of your rights and peace, and social safety, by this sort of legerdemain? I believe, confidently believe, that the God of nations has an eye over the destinies of this land, and that the eyes of the people will be opened before the day of the election, and that they will not be allowed to strike the blows of blind giants upon the Constitution, and thereby involve all in one indiscriminate ruin (loud cheers). I hope and trust in God that we shall be saved from such a calamity (cheers). He is a deadly enemy to his country; he is a dastard; he is a demon; he is guilty of the sin of Cain; he is the worst of murderers—a fratricide, who would, without sufficient cause, light the flames of civil war. But,

> Rather than wear dishonoured chains,
> Or follow captives at the trophied car,
> Give us again the wildness of our woods,
> And the fierce freedom of our forefathers.

(Tremendous cheering.) I would preach peace. I would vote for peace—peace and honour (cheers). Look up to heaven, or, turning, look down upon the earth of our native land, and ask yourselves, tell yourselves the answer to the question, which is everlastingly occurring to me—what will you do if this proclamation of war is made? Do you ask me what I will do? I say to you that I reserve my answer for the present. Considering the question deliberately, calmly, and being well fortified in the thought, I deliberately say to you that I will do whatever you will back me in to save us or die (tremendous applause). I am making no threats. I will remember the oath I have taken to preserve the Constitution and defend the right of the people—I will fight for them, if I must fight, to save, not to destroy (enthusiastic applause). War is a terrible thing, and we all have to remember that if it begins it will not only be the North against the South, it will be a civil war of neighbourhoods for liberty against despotism—for fight against power (cheers). Our enemies will remember that if they have a minority in Virginia, we have a minority in New England, New York and Ohio, and every where North. If they have their fifty or sixty thousand left them in the State of Virginia, in every Northern State we have hundreds of thousands of arms that are with us (tremendous cheers). You have more than your own power at home. The saddest reflection to me is, that in such a crisis there will be found many traitors among us. But if we may have enough to do with these few at home, the Black Republicans have enough to do with the thousands that are still left in the Northern States, to battle for the Union and the rights of all (tremendous cheers). Virginia has not depopulated herself without some return of the bread she has cast on the waters. There is many a heart in every State of the Union that has gone from the home of a Virginia family; many an arm that was conceived in the womb of a Virginia mother, that will, when the dogs of war are let slip, be raised in vindication of her rights (loud cheers). We have friends across the water too, as well as foes, who will cry havoc in such a war (cheers). What they consider our very weakness we will prove to be our strength. With a proper knowledge of military discipline, I will prove that our faithful slaves can and will repel the Black Republicans, and their traitorous allies, who may invade us.

THE NEW "DEMOCRATIC" DOCTRINE.

[Communicated for the American Baptist by Seymour Straight.]

Slavery not to be Confined to the Negro Race, but to be made the Universal Condition of the Labouring Classes of Society.

THE people of the free States have so long yielded to the arrogant demands of the Slave Oligarchy in the South, that the latter has come to think it can carry any measure it sees fit, no matter how degrading it may be to the character of the free *white* men of the North.

Not many years ago the Southern slaveholders were content to have their "human chattels" protected in the States where they held them.

Next, they demanded and secured *five* slave States from acquired territory (Lousiana, Florida, Arkansas, Missouri and Texas), while the free States have only secured *two*—Iowa and California.

Next, the Slave Power demanded all the Territories, and broke down the Missouri Compromise, which secured a part of those Territories to free labour.

Next, they demand the right to come into the *free* States with their slaves whenever they choose, and stay as long as they please, and the United States Courts seem about to yield to them, and grant this outrageous demand.

But the *last*, the *crowning*, the *diabolical* assumption is, that slavery is not to be confined to the NEGRO RACE, but must be made to include *labouring* WHITE MEN also. This doctrine, which is so monstrous and shocking as almost to seem incredible, is now openly avowed and defended by very many of the newspapers and of the public men of the South that support James Buchanan. The doctrine is also proclaimed by some Northern newspapers of the so-called Democratic party, but not generally with such boldness as in the South. To show the exact extent and nature of this doctrine of *enslaving* WHITE MEN, the following extracts from Buchanan papers and from the speeches of Buchanan men are given.

The Richmond *Examiner*, one of the leading Democratic papers in Virginia, ardently supporting Mr. Buchanan, holds the following language in a late issue:

"Until recently, the defence of slavery has laboured under great difficulties because its apologists (for they were mere apologists), took half-way grounds. They confined the defence of slavery to mere *negro* slavery; thereby giving up the slavery *principle*, admitting *other* forms of slavery to be *wrong*.

"The line of defence, however, is now changed. The South now maintains that *slavery* is right, *natural and necessary, and does not depend on difference of* COMPLEXION. The laws of the slave States *justify* the holding of WHITE MEN in *bondage*."

Another *Buchanan* paper, the leading one in South Carolina, says:

"Slavery is the natural and normal condition of the *labouring man*, whether WHITE or *black*. The great evil of Northern *free* society is, that it is burdened with a *servile* class of MECHANICS and LABOURERS, *unfit for self-government*, yet clothed with the attributes and powers of citizens. Master and slave is a relation in society as necessary as that of parent and child; and the Northern States will yet have to introduce it. Their theory of free government is a delusion."

There's "Democratic" doctrine for you, with a vengeance; "our theory of free government a delusion"—"*labouring men*, whether *white* or black, to be slaves." Verily, matters are coming to a pretty pass with us.

The Richmond (Va.) *Enquirer*, Mr. Buchanan's confidential organ, and considered by the "Democratic" party as its ablest paper in the South, speaks as follows in a recent number:

"Repeatedly have we asked the North 'has not the experiment of Universal liberty FAILED? Are not the evils of FREE SOCIETY INSUFFERABLE? And do not most thinking men among you propose to *subvert* and reconstruct it? Still no answer. This gloomy silence is another conclusive proof added to many other conclusive evidences we have furnished, that *free society* in the *long run* is an impracticable form of society; it is everywhere starving, *demoralizing* and *insurrectionary*.

"We repeat, then, that policy and humanity alike *forbid the existence* of the *evils of free society* to new people and coming generations.

"Two opposite and conflicting forms of society cannot, among civilized men, co-exist and endure. The one must give way and cease to exist, the other become universal.

"If *free society* be unnatural, immoral, unchristian, it must fall, and give way to a *slave society—a social system old as the world, universal as man*."

And the Muscogee (Ala.) *Herald*, another valiant Buchanan organ, says:

"Free society! we sicken at the name. What is it but a conglomeration of GREASY MECHANICS, FILTHY OPERATIVES, SMALL-FISTED FARMERS, and moonstruck THEORISTS? All the Northern, and especially the New England States, are devoid of society fitted for well-bred gentlemen. The prevailing class one meets with is that of mechanics struggling to be genteel, and small farmers who do their own dradgery; and yet who are hardly fit for association with a Southern gentleman's body servant. This is your free society which the Northern hordes are endeavouring to extend into Kansas."

And the *South Side Democrat*, another prominent Buchanan paper, in Virginia, whose editor was supported for Clerk of the House of Representatives by the Democratic members of the present Congress—abuses everything FREE after this style:

"We have got to hating everything with the prefix FREE, from free negroes down and up through the whole catalogue—FREE farms, FREE labour, FREE society, FREE will, FREE thinking, FREE children and FREE schools, all belonging to the same brood of *damnable isms*. But the worst of all these abominations is the modern system of FREE SCHOOLS. The New England system of free schools has been the cause and prolific source of the infidelities and treason that have turned her cities into Sodoms and Gomorrahs, and her land into the common nestling places of howling Bedlamites. *We abominate the system because* SCHOOLS ARE FREE."

The Washington *Union*, the national organ of the "Democratic" party says that the honest and heroic FREE LABOURING MEN of Kansas,

"Are a MISERABLE, BLEAR-EYED RABBLE, who have been transferred like SO MANY CATTLE to that country."

The New York *Day Book*, one of the two papers in New York City that support James Buchanan, proposes to enslave *poor* AMERICANS, GERMANS and IRISH, who may fall into poverty and be unable to support their families. Here are the *Day Book's* exact words in speaking of the POOR WHITE PEOPLE:

"Sell the parents of these children into SLAVERY. Let our Legislature pass a law that whoever will take these parents and take care of them and their OFFSPRING, in sickness and in health—*clothe* them, *feed* them and *house* them—*shall be legally entitled to their service;* and let the same Legislature decree that whoever receives these parents and their CHILDREN, and obtains their services, shall take care of them AS LONG AS THEY LIVE."

So much for extracts from "Democratic" newspapers. Now for a few from Democratic speeches.

S. W. Downs, late Democratic Senator from Louisiana, in an elaborate and carefully prepared speech, published in the Washington *Globe*, says:

"I call upon the opponents of slavery to prove that the WHITE LABOURERS of the North are as happy, as contented, or as comfortable as the slaves of the South. In the South the slaves do not suffer one-tenth of the evils endured by the white labourers of the North. Poverty is unknown to the Southern slave, for as soon as the master of slaves become too poor to provide for them, he SELLS them to others who can take care of them. This, sir, is one of the excellencies of the system of slavery, and this the superior condition of the Southern slave over the Northern WHITE labourer."

According to Mr. Downs then (good Democratic authority), all that the Northern *white labourer* requires is somebody to *sell* him when he falls into poverty. Admirable philanthropy! Beautiful Democracy!!

Senator Clemens, of Alabama, declared, in a speech in the U. S. Senate, that "the operatives of New England were not as well situated, nor as comfortably off as the slaves that cultivate the rice and cotton fields of the South."

In a recent speech by Mr. Reynolds, Pierce-Buchanan-Democratic candidate for Congress from Missouri, that gentleman distinctly asserted that—

"The same construction of the power of Congress to exclude slavery from a United States Territory, would justify the government in excluding foreign-born citizens—GERMANS AND IRISH AS WELL AS NIGGERS."

Here a Missouri Democrat classes GERMAN and IRISH indiscriminately with NEGRO SLAVES.

Mr. L. H. Goode, another Atchison Democrat of Missouri, in a recent speech against the Free State men of Kansas, denounced the LABOURING men as "WHITE SLAVES."

SENATOR BUTLER (the uncle of Assassin Brooks), a shining light in the Democratic galaxy, declared in a speech in the U. S. Senate this session—

"That men have no right to VOTE unless they are possessed of property as required by the Constitution of South Carolina. There no man can vote unless he owns *ten negroes*, or real estate to the *value of ten thousand* dollars."

And this is the doctrine which "Democracy," *so-called*, would introduce in Ohio, and other free States.

THE ISSUE.

From The Charleston (S. C.) Standard, October 1st.

IN the two last numbers of our paper, we have drawn attention to the great issue which comes sternly up for decision between the two sections of this country. We have shown that collision comes not from the direction of political leaders, but from the variant and antagonistic nature of the two societies; that from the constitution of Northern society aggression is necessary, that from the nature of Southern society resistance is imperative and certain, and with a view to the wisest counsels that may be possible under the emergency we would consider the steps most proper to be taken by the South.

Beyond all question, it would be most proper for the Southern States to assemble in convention, adopt a constitution, and, taking an attitude of independence, propose to the North the terms of an amicable division of the public property. It is in this way only that we can avoid a war. The North would bluster, doubtless, but she would never put an army in the field against us. To do so, she would have to raise and support it with her own funds. The funds of the public treasury is only that which is paid in by the two sections, and the South paying her own portion into her own treasury, the North would only have her own to go upon. Deprived of the custom of the South, she would be shortly straightened in her circumstances. Without the hope of being able to capture a single State, and with no jail to put it in if she should succeed in doing so; with no object, in fact, in warring upon the South, but to resolve herself into a military despotism, and to hold the South for a conquered province, she would find the adventure quite too unprofitable. She would take, with a bad grace, perhaps, the terms of separation we might offer, and, if forced to live at the expense of any other people, would look about for a more easy and convenient conquest.

To the end of making this step effectual in the obviation of a war, it is necessary that it should be taken soon. We have shown the reason for believing that within four years at least, and perhaps within little more than a month, the North may elect a President. When elected and installed in office, he will control the army and navy of the Government. It will be his obvious policy to put in command of the ships and forts, and detachments of the army, the men to be relied on. As the Southern confederacy may ripen, he may take the navy into Northern ports, turn the guns of our forts upon Southern cities, extend the army by vote of the abolition majority in Congress, concentrate a force about the capitol, and treating as treason the combination of the South, and throwing the forces of the General Government in favour of our antagonists, render it necessary that we should wade through that before we can place her in a position where we can meet her hand to hand, and force upon her the alternative of taking peace or of incurring for herself the costs and sacrifices of a war.

While the Government is still in the hands of a President of the Republic, and before the majority of the North shall have unequivocally assumed the power of legislation, the Chief Magistrate will be in little else than the condition of a stakeholder. There have been sectional combinations on the one side, and he will not be bound to notice the counteracting combinations on the other. He will not place the agencies of national defence in the hands of instruments of the North. The abolition majority in Congress will not increase the army and navy without the certainty of being able to use it; in case of dissolution, these arms of service will be no longer in the hands of a central power; they will disband when there is no longer funds for their support, and fall into the hands of whichever section may be able to retain them. We will be in a condition, therefore, to withdraw from the hands of our Federal representative the trusts we have reposed in him, and, in doing so, will strike at the foundations of no independent power. But if the usurpation of the Government be consummated in the election of an abolition President, we will find it instinct with every interest and every impulse of the North, and we will raise our naked arms against naked steel, and fertilize the soil of Southern liberty with the richest blood of the Southern patriot.

Whatever may be the time of action—whether now, when there is still a President of the Republic, or afterwards, when a sectional President shall have been elected—it is still important that the Southern States should meet in council, and act in an organized political capacity to some specific object. It is thus that they can take their own position; it is thus that they can put forward their best and wisest men; it is thus that they can stop at the attainment of their proper ends, and taking rather from enlightened councils than from the accidents of a revolutionary contest the theory and principles of a slave republic, they may move securely on to national greatness.

But without this we have a lurid prospect. If without purpose and preconcert we persist in drifting into the exigencies of a sectional conflict, it were painful to depict the consequences. It must come—it has commenced already—there is war between the North and South as perfectly as has ever been between two people. It is not yet violent; the forces of the systems have not yet been brought out. But there has been collision. In Kansas the detachments from the South strike for the South; the detachments from the North strike for the North; a blow has been struck upon the head of a Northern representative; the North retaliates by the effort to inflict the greater outrage of grasping the helm of Government. The systems are in contact; they already revolve on distinct social centres. The movement is slow, but it gathers speed with every instant of its progress, and they must grind each other to fragments or they must be torn apart.

There is a feeling of security at the North in the belief that the preponderating white element amongst us will prevent resistance, but the error is a grave one. It is true our Southern States are less perceptive of their distinct social nature than they might be, and are less prepared to act upon abstract principle; it is also true, perhaps, that in a slave republic the excess of whites may exhibit its tendencies in legislation, and may effect, to some extent, the spheres and objects of slave labour, and while, with a due proportion of whites and slaves, we might long ago have formed a slave republic; and while, without, we may have to wait for some more startling act of aggression before we can move to such an end, yet still this excess constitutes no element of submission. If not conservative of slavery at the South, it will be conservative of its own interests located at the South. If not prepared to defend the principles of the institution, it will not be prepared to submit to the anarchy and devastations of its abolition. If not instinct with the energies and hopes of a new social system, it will be inspired by the memories and traditions of its home; it will feel that it is itself, as well as slavery, the object of attack, and it will strike as bravely in its own defence; and while the slaves will be competent to raise the means of support for the entire population of the South, the South, in virtue of her greater proportion of the ruling race, will be only the more completely able to meet the exigencies of a struggle with the enemy. It is not true, therefore, that those only who possess slaves will be ready to resist aggression. The spirit of liberty is dependent upon no such condition. The Fathers of the North struck for self-government against Great Britain; upon every page of history there is the record of men who have struck for their rights and homes, and while the principle of slavery will give a vital endurance to the contest, it is not necessary that we should have even this security against the yoke of Northern power.

In spite, therefore, of any such diversity of interest as may be amongst us, there will be no division upon the issue presented by the North. The grasp of power will be at the throat of every white man, whatever may be his relations to our institution; and, as the end of being redeemed and disenthralled is common to the whole South, and as to that end we are driven madly on, whether with or without a perception of its excellencies, we say again that it is most obviously necessary that the whole South should take common counsel in the cause.

TEXAS AND DISUNION.

WILL it not be well for Texas to consider what it is best for her to do in case the Union is dissolved. One thing is certain, a Southern Confederacy will be *a difficult and expensive operation*. If Texas becomes a part of this confederacy, will she not have to bear a heavy portion of the burthen of its support, *without receiving much, if any, of the advantages that accrue therefrom?* To sustain the rights and maintain the honour of a Southern Republic, with only geographical lines dividing it from a Northern confederacy, opposed to its peculiar institutions, will require men and money. *Texas will have to furnish her quota of each. This, with the expense of defending her extensive frontier, will soon exhaust her available resources, and burden her citizens with a system of onerous taxation.* Taking this view of the subject, the question arises, whether, in case of a dissolution of the Union, it would not be advisable for Texas to set up for herself, independent of the other States. She did achieve her independence and sustain herself, through the most trying emergencies, and under the most adverse circumstances, as an independent Republic, and can certainly do so again. And the greatest error she committed, was in annexing herself to the Union. She did this, no doubt, believing it would be mutually beneficial to both parties. Should the Union be dissolved, Texas is no longer bound by her obligations to the Federal Government, but is free to assume her independent character as one of the nations of the earth, or unite with a confederacy of the Southern States. Texas is the only State in the Union that occupies this proud position. Her soil was not purchased by money drawn from the Treasury of the Union. The other States have no claim upon her, further than those imposed by the terms of annexation, which would be cancelled by dissolution. She has an extent of territory, with a climate and soil capable of producing every product grown in any part of the Union. Her undeveloped resources, natural advantages, and mineral wealth are unequalled. She has a large public domain yet unappropriated, and should this become exhausted, there is plenty more to the West, which may be had on easy terms. We have everything necessary to make the wealthiest, most prosperous and most populous State in the Union, and that too, independent of all others. There are thousands who regret that Texas was ever annexed to the Union, and there are thousands more who sincerely wish that she could peaceably and honorably secede. Should a dissolution of the Union take place, we verily believe these thousands will be swelled to tens of thousands *in favour of Texas getting rid of all entangling alliances, and setting up an independent government. In case of a dissolution of the Union, there is no question but that Texas would lose more than she would gain by uniting with a Southern Confederacy.*—*San Antonia (Texas) Herald.*

SLAVERY THE BASIS OF THE UNION—HIGH TALK!

From The Richmond Examiner.

"SLAVERY will work the subversion of the Constitution"—indeed! Why, *the independence of the American colonies was the result of African Slavery; the Union was founded on African slavery;* was supported in its weakness, and has been *brought to its power, prosperity and commanding position among nations, by African Slavery;* and, it would be strange, indeed, if that which was the cause of the Union, and its strength, power and wealth, should prove the agent of its overthrow. Turn to the early annals of the colonies; and what a feeble, sickly and grasping condition was that of all of them South of the Delaware, until they introduced into their fields the African labourer; who was proof against the miasma of their swamps and decaying timber under a Southern sun; who produced the valuable crops, indigenous to their soil, at no risk of life; and the transportation of whom and traffic in whom enriched the ship-owning colonies whose soil was too sterile to court his labour. At the period of the Revolution, the relative strength and resources, civil and military, of the slaveholding contrasted with the non-slaveholding colonies, was three to one—a preponderance which was the exclusive result of African slavery. But for the impulse and rapid development given to th slaveholding colonies by this cause, and to the non-slaveholding shipowning colonies as transporters of the African from the Slave Coast, and as the chief conductors of the slave traffic—*the colonies could not, by any possibility, have opposed a successful resistance to the mother country in the Revolutionary struggle.* But for the possession of slaves to do the labour of the plantations in the absence of their masters, the slaveholding States could not have despatched a corporal's guard of troops to the aid of the North against the invaders—or defended their own homes single-handed—as they did. But for the lively sensibility to aggression, the fiery wrong, and the martial spirit of the slaveholders, resulting from the condition of the dominion over a menial class, no general and persistent resistance would have been opposed to the British tyrant by the American colonies.

These American liberties which we enjoy, and this very Constituuon and Union under which we live, are the achievements of the strength, resources and prowess resulting from African Slavery. That institution built up the Colonies and nerved them for the struggle; that institution supported them in the seven years' conflict; and that institution furnished the armies and inspired the martial spirit which conquered independence. It was African slavery, after the Revolution, which gave the project of Union all its value; which made it feasible by its tempting gratuities; and which procured its establishment by its exertions and sacrifices.

slavery there, and disfranchised the supporters of Freedom by tyrannical laws, enforced by fire and sword, and that the President and Senate maintain and uphold the slaveholding interests in these culminating demonstrations of their power, while the House of Representatives lacks the power because it is wanting in the virtue to rescue the interests of justice, freedom and humanity? Who can wonder that Federal Courts in Massachusetts indict defenders of Freedom for sedition, in Pennsylvania subvert the State tribunals, and pervert the *habeas corpus*, the great writ of Liberty, into a process for arresting fugitive slaves, and construe into contempt, punishable by imprisonment without bail or mainprize, the simple and truthful denial of personal control over a fugitive female slave, who has made her own voluntary escape from bondage? Who can wonder that in Kansas lawyers may not plead or juries be impanneled in the Federal Courts, nor can even citizens vote without first swearing to support the Fugitive Slave law, and the Kansas and Nebraska Act, while citizens who discuss through the press the right of slaveholders to domineer there, are punished with imprisonment or death; free bridges over which citizens who advocate free institutions may pass; free taverns where they may rest, and free presses through which they may speak, are destroyed under indictments for nuisances; and those who peacefully assemble to debate the grievances of that class and petition Congress for relief, are indicted for high treason?

Just now, the wind acts with some apparent steadiness in the North, and you will readily confess, therefore, that I do not exaggerate the growing aggrandizement of the slaveholding class, but you will nevertheless insist that that aggrandizement is new, and may be merely temporary and occasional. A moment's reflection, however, will satisfy you that this opinion is profoundly untrue. What is now seen, is only the legitimate maturing of errors unresisted through a period of more than thirty years. All the fearful evils now upon us, are only the results of efforts to extinguish by delays, concession and compromises a discussion to which Justice, Reason and Humanity are continually lending their elemental fires.

What, then, is the tendency of this aggrandizement of the slave interest, and what must be its end if it be not now or speedily arrested? Immediate consequences are distinctly in view. The admission of Kansas into the Union as a slave State, the subsequent introduction of slavery, by means equally flagrant, into Nebraska, and the admission of Utah, with the twin patriarchal institutions of legalized adultery and Slavery, and these three achievements crowned with the incorporation of Cuba into the Republic. Beyond these visible consequences lies a region of fearful speculation—the restoration of the African slave-trade, and the desecration of all Mexico and Central America, by the infliction upon the half-civilized Spanish and Indian races dwelling there by our hands of a curse from which, inferior as they are to ourselves, they have had the virtue once to redeem themselves. Beyond this field last surveyed lies that of civil and servile wars, national decline and ruin.

I fear to open up these distant views, because I know that you will attribute my apprehensions to a morbid condition of mind. But confining myself to the immediate future which is so fearfully visible, I ask you in all candour, first, whether, I have ever before exaggerated the aggrandizement of the slaveholding class. Secondly, whether the movement that I now forebode is really more improbable than the evils once seemed which are now a startling reality.

How are these immediate evils, and whatever of greater evils that are behind them, to be prevented? Do you expect those who have heretofore counseled compromise, acquiescence and submission, will change their course, and come to the rescue of Liberty? Even if this were a reasonable hope, are Cass, and Douglas, and Buchanan greater or better than the statesmen who have opened the way of compromise and led them into it? And if they indeed are so much greater and so much better, do you expect them to live forever?

Perhaps you expect the slaveholding class will abate its pretensions and practice voluntarily the moderation which you wish but dare not demand at its hands. How long and with what success have you waited already for that reformation? Did any property class ever so reform itself? Did the Patricians in old Rome, the Noblesse, or the Clergy in France, the landholders in Ireland? the landed aristocracy in England? Does the slaveholding class even seek to beguile you with such a hope? Has it not become rapacious, arrogant, defiant? Is it not waging civil war against freedom wherever it encounters real resistance? No! no! you have let the lion and the spotted leopard into the sheep fold. They certainly will not die of hunger there, nor retire from disgust with satiety. They will remain there so long as renewed appetite shall find multiplied prey. Be not self-deceived. Whenever a property class of any kind is invited by society to oppress, it will continue to oppress. Whenever a slaveholding class finds the non-slaveholding classes yielding it will continue its work of subjugation.

People of Michigan, I know full well that it seems ungracious in me to dwell on this painful theme. It is not such an acknowledgment of your manifold hospitalities as you expected. It is hard for the weary mariner to look steadily on the newly revealed rocks towards which he has too long been carelessly drifting. It is not easy for the prodigal to look with contentment on the rags and husks which meet him, as he retires from the house of his harlotry. Nevertheless there is no way of escaping any imminent danger without first calmly and steadily looking it fully in the face and ascertaining its real nature and magnitude.

Here again you will deny the justice of my parallels, you will claim to be merely innocent and unfortunate, and will upbraid the slaveholding class as the builders of this impending ruin. But you cannot escape so. The fault is not at all with that class, but with yourselves. The slaveholders only act according to their constitutions, education and training. It is the non-slaveholding classes in the free States who are recreant to their own constitutions, and false to their own instincts and impulses, and even to their own true interests. Who taught the slaveholding class that freedom, which could not be wholly conquered at once, could be yielded in successive compromises? Who taught the slaveholding class the precious theories of non-intervention, and Popular Sovereignty, and the absolute obligation of tyrannical laws enacted by armed usurpation? Your own Cass, and Douglas, and Pierce, and Buchanan. Who established Cass, Douglas, Pierce and Buchanan at Washington, and gave them the power to march their slaveholding armies into Kansas? The non-slaveholding society in the free States, and no portion of that society more recklessly than you, the people of Michigan.

You admit all this, and you ask how are these great evils to be corrected—these great dangers to be avoided. I answer, it is to be done, not as some of you have supposed by heated debates, sustained by rifles or revolvers, at Washington; nor yet by sending armies with supplies and Sharpe's rifles into Kansas. I condemn no necessary exercise of the right of self-defence, anywhere. Public safety is necessary to the practice of the real duties of champions of freedom. But this is the contest in which the race is not to the physically swift, nor the battle to those who have most muscular strength. Least of all is it to be won by retaliation and revenge. The victory will be to those who shall practice the highest moral courage with simple fidelity to the principles of humanity and justice. Notwithstanding all the heroism of your champions in Washington and in Kansas, the contest will be fearfully endangered if the slaveholding class shall win the President and the Congress in this great national canvass. Even although every one of these champions should perish in his proper field, yet the rights of man will be saved, and the tide of oppression will be rolled back from our Northern plains, if a President and a Congress shall be chosen who are true to freedom. The people, and the people only, are sovereign and irresistible, whether they will the ascendancy of Slavery or the triumph of Liberty.

Harsh as my words may have seemed, I do my kinsmen and brethren of the free States no such injustice as to deny that, great allowances are to be made for the demoralization I have described. We inherited confidence and affection towards our Southern brethren, and with these our political organizations and profound reverence for political authorities all adverse to the needful discussion of Slavery. Above all, we inherited a fear of the dissolution of the Union, which can only be unwholesome when it ceases equally to affect the conduct of all the great parties to that sacred compact. All of these inheritances have created influences upon our political conduct which are rather to be deplored than condemned. I trust that at last these influences are about to cease. I trust so because if we have inherited the demoralization of Slavery, we have also attained the virtue required for emancipation. If we have inherited prejudices of caste, we have also risen to the knowledge that political safety is dependent on the rendering of equal and exact justice to all men. And if we have suffered our love for the Union to be abused, so as to make us tolerate the evils that more than all others endanger it, we have discerned that great error at last. If we should see a citizen who had erected a noble edifice sit down inactively in its halls, avoiding all duty and enterprise, lest he might provoke enemies to pull it down over his head; or one who had built a majestic vessel, moor it to the wharf through fear that he might peradventure run it upon the rocks, we should condemn his fatuity and folly. We have learned, at last, that the American people labour, not only under the responsibility of making it subserve the advancement of justice and humanity, and that neglect of this last responsibility involves the chief peril to which the Union itself is exposed.

I shall waste little time on the newly invented apologies for continued demoralization. The question now to be decided is whether a slaveholding class exclusively shall govern America, or whether it shall only bear divided sway with non-slaveholding citizens. It concerns all persons equally whether they are Protestants or Catholics, native-born, or exotic citizens. And therefore it seems to me that this is no time for trials of strength between the native-born and the adopted freemen, or between any two branches of one common Christian brotherhood.

As little shall I dwell on merely personal partialities or prejudices affecting the candidates for public trusts. Each fitly personates the cause he represents. Beyond a doubt Mr. Buchanan is faithful to the slaveholding cause, as Mr. Fillmore vacillates between it and its opponents. I know Mr. Fremont well, and when I say that I know that he combines extraordinary genius, and unquestionable sincerity of purpose with unusual modesty, I am sure that you will admit that he is a true representative of the cause of Freedom.

Discarding sectionalism and loving my country in all its parts, and bearing affection, even to the slaveholding class, none the less sincere because it repels me, I cordially adopt the motto which it too often hangs out to delude us. I know no North, no South, no East, and no West: for I know that he who would offer an acceptable sacrifice in the present crisis must conform himself to the divine instructions that neither in this mountain nor yet at Jerusalem shall we worship the Father, but the hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in Spirit and in Truth.

Last of all, I stop not to argue with those who decry agitation and extol conservatism, not knowing that conservatism is of two kinds; that one which, yielding to cowardly fear of present inconvenience or danger, covers even political leprosy with protecting folds, and that other and better conservatism that heals, in order that the body of the commonwealth may be healthful and immortal.

Fellow-citizens, I am aware that I have spoken with seriousness, amounting to solemnity. Do not infer from thence that I am despondent or distrustful of present triumph and ultimate regeneration. It has required a strong pressure upon the main-spring of the public virtue to awaken its elasticity. Such pressure has reached the centre of the spring at last. They who have reckoned that its elasticity was lost are now discovering their profound mistake. The people of the United States have dallied long with the acactus, and floated carelessly on the calm seas that reflect Summer skies, but they have not lost their own preference for their own changeless fleur de lis, and they consult no other guidance in their course over the waters than their own bright, particular and constant star, the barbinger of Liberty.

INTERVIEW OF SOUTHERN FIRE-EATERS WITH PARKER AND GARRISON.

Correspondence of The Charleston Mercury.

ST. NICHOLAS HOTEL, NEW YORK,
September 20, 1856.

On last Sunday, while at Boston, accompanied by a party of Southern gentlemen, I attended the services at Music Hall, expecting to hear Theodore Parker deliver his hebdomadal phillipic against the peculiar institutions of the South. The spacious Hall and galleries were well filled with a respectable audience of both sexes, among whom were a sprinkling of negroes. Mr. Parker, at the moment of our entrance, was at his desk, on the broad platform whence the orchestra is wont to discourse sweet music to the aristocratic citizens of this modern Athens, and was offering up, in a clear, beautiful voice, one of his fervent, classical prayers. In the reclining attitude of his position, his massive head leaning forward, showing bold frontal organs, well developed, with the intonations of a voice musical as the sound of falling waters, softened and aided by the rich, luxurious decorations of the place, he presented rather a unique appearance for a Minister of the Gospel of Peace. I was reminded of other associations, and my mind's eye saw before me the fascinating picture of a temple, where the votaries of reason and philosophy had asserted their authority, and were assembled to promulgate their independence. He implored Heaven, among other invocations, to remove from among us the sin and curse of slavery, and concluded with the final passage of the Lord's prayer. After a hymn by the choir, which was sung beautifully, the orator ascended the rostrum, first stating that he would be glad to receive contributions of clothing and money for the suffering friends of freedom in Kansas. The clerical orator then proceeded with his sermon. It was a written discourse upon "Religion as the Art of Life," and, like his essays, was chaste and highly finished. It abounded with passages of great beauty and eloquence, and I may be allowed, with propriety, to say that it was the production of a mind rich in all the attributes of genius, which he defined as "uncommon common sense," and strung with the pearls of study and reflection. The sermon concluded, he repeated the benediction, and the fashionable auditory dispersed, and we left with no worse impression of Theodore Parker, as a man of intellect, than we had entertained before. I had expected him to indulge in abuse of the reviled South, but had been feasted with one of his most beautiful models of philosophical declamation.

At the request of Richard Yeadon, Esq., senior editor of the *Charleston Courier*, who made an appointment to meet Mr. Parker in the evening, I proceeded with that gentleman, at the designated hour, to his residence at Exeter Place. In doing so, however, I must confess that I had to overcome strong Southern idiosyncrasies. The interview had been sought by Mr. Yeadon, for the purpose of ascertaining, in person, as the editor and correspondent of a widely circulating journal, the ends and aims of Northern Abolitionism, from one of its most prominent leaders; and taking shelter under the mantle of his presence and wisdom, I accompanied him to witness the discussion. We found a party of six or seven gentlemen, and as many ladies, assembled in Mr. Parker's library, and were politely introduced by him. Among the guests we were surprised to meet several gentlemen who are conspicuous for their prominence as Free Soilers and Abolitionists; but only one of whom I will name, as his connection with the anti-slavery movement is almost coëqual with its inauguration—William Lloyd Garrison. Mr. Parker answered Mr. Yeadon, that the presence of third persons was entirely accidental, but that he did not regret it, as they were among those whom he should have selected to meet him.

Mr. Yeadon and Mr. Garrison were soon engaged in earnest conversational argument, which was sustained by the slavery disputant with marked spirit and great cogency. He met and answered every proposition advanced against the lawfulness and immorality of the institution, and, in doing so, retained, with great propriety, his composure and self-possession. When pressed with the force and authority of many pointed passages of the Old and New Testaments, authorising the institution, and enjoining the reclamation and rendition of fugitive slaves to their masters, Mr. Garrison denied their relevancy, on the ground that the genuineness and truth of the record from which they were taken, were not conclusive and sufficient, in his opinion, to exclude the exercise of conscience and reason upon the subject. He contended that such passages were unreasonable and apochryphal, and opposed to our ideas of the humanity, wisdom and mercy of God; thus testing the Infinite by a finite standard, and subjecting the wisdom of the Almighty to the compass of a human law. In this position, Mr. Parker, who acted, most of the time, as umpire or moderator, coincided, illustrating it by citing several examples from the sacred volume, where he alleged that the chosen people of God were commanded to act in direct opposition to some of those laws of Nature which were among the attributes of the Deity. In other words, the authority of the Bible was rejected, so far as it militated against their peculiar doctrines, and their opinions were made a purer and higher standard than the revelations of the Divine Will.

From this branch of the argument, the discussion became more general, and, in its course, embraced the history and humanity of the Southern system of slavery. Mr. Yeadon adduced, in support of the humanity and leniency of the institution, the rapid increase of the slaves, their comparative contentment and attachment to their owners, and exhibited great familiarity with the facts and details of the subject. All of these facts and arguments were warmly controverted by his opponents, who rejected his statements as those of an interested witness, and for that reason, as they insisted upon the legal technicality that excludes a witness from testifying on his own account, they declined to admit them, disclaiming any intention to question his veracity. What was strange, however, while these men reject the statements thus made by familiar and unimpeachable witnesses, they receive, with the most flattering unction, the false and exaggerated stories of fugitive slaves, who are embraced in their arms while still laden with the spoil of their plundered masters. Fanaticism has wrapped its false mantle around them, and they are blind to the dictates of reason. "*Quem deus vult perdere prius demental.*" I was surprised to find that Garrison and Mr. Parker differed widely upon many points. Mr. Garrison advocates the abolition of slavery by mild and patient means—by argument and persuasion—and is opposed to violent and insurrectionary steps. He was a man of peace, while he denominated Mr. Parker, in contradistinction to himself, a Bunker Hill man; by which we implied that the latter was the advocate of any measure, however violent, to eradicate the alleged sin and curse of slavery.

He admitted that Southern slavery was the mildest and most humane system of the kind that had ever existed, and gave the South credit for many of its ameliorating features; but was severe upon New England for having introduced and tolerated, and then having transferred slavery to the Southern States. He stated that only 40,000 Africans had been imported into the United States, and thought their rapid increase the means intended by Providence to work out their freedom and eventual civilization, and thought a parallel case was exhibited in the history of the Israelites of Egypt.

The discussion was continued until a late hour, when we retired.

Mr. Parker treated us very politely, and said nothing to which we could take exception, and expressed himself happy always to meet Southerners, for the purpose of discussing the subject mildly and courteously. He is a very intellectual literary man, apparently fifty years old, fluent and logical in his mode of conversation; and I could not but regret that so fine a mind was obscured and eclipsed by the black cloud of fanaticism.

My impressions of Mr. Garrison were not so favourable. His appearance and manners indicate a mental subjection to the influence of feeling, not of reason; of sentiment, not of sympathy.

Mr. Yeadon, as I have already stated, had a foeman worthy of his steel in his antagonist, and evinced a remarkable intimacy with the arguments and bearings of the controversy, and recounted them with a boldness and fearlessness characteristic of himself. Indeed, it required an exertion of these qualities to beard the lion in his den, and to advocate his cause in such a presence.

As an extreme Southerner of the straitest sect, convinced of the necessity and the utility of a separation from the North, I felt proud of the champion of our cause; and it is to give expression to these feelings, not unmingled with those of admiration, that I have attempted, hurriedly and concisely to give an outline of their conversation, hoping and trusting that it would find a place in your columns, which are now looked to as the champion in the approaching struggle for the rights of the South.

ALABAMA.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1856.

THE BULWARK OF SLAVERY.

Two books, of the very highest consequence, whether as judged by the importance of their subject or by the ability and faithfulness of their authors, have just been issued from the press.

The first gives, in words accurately quoted from the statute books of the Southern States, and illustrated by judicial decisions from their legal Reports, the character of slavery as defined and permitted by law; of which, therefore, any slaveholder may avail himself without danger of legal censure. This is the second and enlarged edition of Stroud's "Sketch of the Laws relating to Slavery."

The second gives a faithful picture of the actual working of the slavery thus legally constituted and defined, giving specimens of some slaveholders who are, and of some who are not, as bad as the system permits, accurately designating that element in the social state which most effectively upholds both the law and the custom of slavery, and showing the extent to which injustice and cruelty may be carried without subjecting its perpetrator even to an unfavourable opinion, either from the people among whom he lives, or from the church to which he belongs. This is Mrs. Stowe's book "Dred."

Before looking at what slavery is by social or ecclesiastical custom, let us see what it is *by law*. Mr. Stroud's quotations from the statutes of the slaveholding States, and the reported decisions of their courts of judicature, show that, through the slaveholding region in general (the few exceptions being specified in their appropriate places), the law establishes the following points in favour of the master and against the slave.

1. The master may determine the kind, and degree, and time of labour to which the slave shall be subjected.

2. The master may supply the slave with such food and clothing only, both as to quantity and quality, as he may think proper or find convenient.

3. The master may, at his discretion, inflict any punishment upon the person of his slave.

4. All the power of the master over his slave may be exercised not only by himself in person, but by any one whom he may depute as his agent.

5. Slaves have no legal rights of property in things, real or personal, but whatever they may acquire belongs, *in point of law*, to their masters.

6. The slave, being a *personal chattel*, is at all times liable to be sold absolutely, or mortgaged, or leased, at the will of his master.

7. He may also be sold by process of law for the satisfaction of the debt of a living or the debts and bequests of a deceased master, at the suit of creditors or legatees.

8. A slave cannot be a party before a judicial tribunal in any species of action against his master, no matter how atrocious may have been the injury received from him.

9. Slaves cannot redeem themselves, nor obtain a change of master, though cruel treatment may have rendered such change necessary for their personal safety.

10. Slaves being objects of *property*, if injured by third persons, their owners may bring suit and recover damages to themselves for the injury done to their slaves.

11. Slaves can make no contracts, not even matrimony.

12. Slavery is hereditary and perpetual.

13. A slave cannot be a witness against a white person, either in a civil or criminal cause.

14. A slave cannot be a party to a civil suit.

15. The benefits of education are withheld from the slave.

16. The means for moral and religious instruction are not granted to the slaves; on the contrary, the efforts of the humane and charitable to supply these wants are discountenanced by law.

17. Submission is required of the slave, not to the will of the master only, but to that of all other white persons.

18. The penal codes of the slaveholding States bear much more severely upon slaves than upon white persons, for the same offence.

19. Trial of slaves upon criminal accusations is, in most of the slave States, different from that which is observed in respect to free white persons, and the difference is injurious to the slave, and inconsistent with the rights of humanity.

Such is the position of the slave in the eye of the law, and on the statute book. That his position in the actual *administration* of law is precisely the same, may be seen in the famous decision of Judge Ruffin, of North Carolina. [State vs. Mann; Wheeler's Law of Slavery, p. 224.] In discharging the defendant, who had inflicted a cruel and unreasonable punishment upon a slave woman, the Judge distinctly ruled that the hirer of a slave could exercise the full legal authority of a master, for a time; that the cruel and unreasonable punishment in question did not go beyond the legal authority of the master; that the slave is one doomed, in his own person and his posterity, to live without knowledge, and without the capacity to make anything his own, and to toil that another may reap the fruits; and that, though subjugation is grossly unjust, a mere establishment of might over right it is inherent *in the relation* of master and slave, and the power of the master must be *absolute*, to render the submission of the slave perfect.

With this accords the declaration of Judge Field [Souther vs. the Commonwealth of Virginia, 7 Grattan 673, 1851], that "It is the policy of the law, in respect to the relation of master and slave, and for the sake of securing proper subordination and obedience on the part of the slave, to protect the master from prosecution in all such cases [of punishment not resulting in death] even if the whipping and punishment be malicious, cruel and excessive." Thus the slave code is, precisely and literally, the establishment of iniquity by law.

But, as in every community there is a small class of persons better than the existing laws, persons who, from natural nobleness of character or high moral culture, would scorn to take advantage of even a legal opportunity to commit injustice, so preëminently in the slaveholding States, where the code is so atrociously unjust as we have seen, there must exist, and *does* exist, a class of persons better than the laws. This class is small, but it was faithfully and fully depicted in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," in the characters of Eva, her father, Mrs. Shelby, Mrs. Bird, John Van Trompe and his family, and the Kentucky drover.

There exists also in the South, as in every other community, a class of persons who are *no better* than the laws, and who, either from natural deficiency or ill training, shrink from no act of meanness or wickedness by which the law permits them to accomplish their purposes. Of course, living under such a code as we have seen defined above, these persons can be not only contemptibly mean but atrociously wicked, with entire legal impunity.

Intermediate between these is a class much larger than either, of persons who, in the main, are right-feeling and well-meaning, but who have neither energy of character enough to oppose themselves to unjust usages of society and unjust privileges conferred upon them by law, nor strength of principle enough to resist occasional extraordinary temptations. The mass of a slaveholding community, as of every other community, consists of persons who follow the multitude, who swim with the tide; and both the infirmities of their character and the temptations of their position are ably displayed in Mrs. Stowe's last book, where Milly describes the mistress who, in spite of a solemn promise to the contrary, sold successively her fourteen children.

"Now see here, honey, dere was your aunt—she was poor, and she was pestered for money. Dere was Mas'r George's bills and Peter's bills to pay, and Miss Susy's; and every one of 'em must have everything, and dey was all calling for money, money; and dere has been times she didn't know which way to turn. Now, you see, when a woman is pestered to pay two hundred here, and tree hundred dere, and when she has got more niggers on her place dan she can keep, and den a man calls in and lays down eight hundred dollars in gold before her, and says, 'I want dat ar Lucy or George of yourn,' why, don't you see? Dese yer soul-drivers is always round, tempting folks dey know is poor; and dey always have der money as handy as de devil has his."

Such are those who follow, and who form, the multitude in slaveholding communities. But there can be no followers without leaders. Who are the *leaders* of the particular multitude in question? Who are the persons whose weight of reputation, or of influence, is sufficient to keep on the statute book, and in actual, constant practice, such atrocious laws as we have quoted above, and to enable persons of average sensibility and conscientiousness to look each other in the face while taking advantage of them. Milly proceeds to answer this question.

"But den, I ought n't fur to be hard upon dem poor soul-drivers, cause dey an't taught no better. It's dese yer Christians, dat profess Christ, dat makes great talks 'bout religion, dat has der Bibles, and turns der backs upon swearing soul-drivers, and tinks dey an't fit to speak to—its *dem*, honey, dat's de root of de whole business. Now, dere was dat uncle of hern—mighty great Christian he was, wid his prayer-meetings and all dat—he was always a putting her up to it. She would n't have done so bad if it had n't been for him; but he'd come and have prayers, and exhort, and den come prowling round my place like a wolf, looking at my chil'en.

"'And Milly,' he'd say, 'how do you do now? Lucy is getting to be a right smart girl, Milly. How old is she? Dere's a lady in Washington has advertised for a maid—a nice woman, a pious lady. I suppose you would n't object, Milly? Your poor mistress is in great trouble for money.'

"I never said noting to dat man. Only once, when he asked me what I thought my Lucy would be worth, when she was fifteen years old, says I to him, 'Sir, she's worth to me just what your daughter is worth to you.'

"Den I went in and shut de door. I did n't stay to see how he took it. Den he'd go up to de house, and talk to Miss Harrit. 'Twas her duty, he'd tell her, to take proper care of her goods. And dat ar meant selling my chil'en."

Milly understands, and states, the exact truth in relation to this matter. The religion of the South directly and formally supports slavery. The ministers and church members of the South, who have the credit in the community of being Christians because they claim that title—of being religious because they belong to the church—and of being moral because they do not swear or get drunk—practice slaveholding, and declare in their sermons, magazines, newspapers and books, that Christianity permits it. The mass of large slaveholders, the men of wealth, learning and influence, who do not pretend to be religious, but who are very desirous to be thought decent and respectable, avail themselves of this great bulwark of the religion of the country to repel the charge which meets them now more and more frequently every year—that to perpetuate, by law, the ignorance, poverty and degradation of those who are already the poorest, most ignorant and most degraded class, that *they* may live in ease and luxury upon the products of their unpaid labour—is mean, unjust and cruel. They do not pretend that they hold slaves from any higher motive than self-interest; but they are very unwilling to admit that they pursue this self-interest by means positively wicked, base and contemptible. Here the minister is their "friend in need." When this charge meets their ear, they immediately quote the catch-words which they remember him to have used—"Ham" and "Canaan" and "Onesimus"; when these are promptly answered, and shown to have no force in the direction intended, they refer to the full defence of slavery contained in his book or his article, and fortify these by alleging his well-known "piety," the "revivals" that have taken place in his church, and his credit among his brethren in the ministry. The propriety of slaveholding being thus asserted by the piety, and the wealth, and the respectability of society, it may be safely practiced also by the vulgar, the drunken and the profane; and the popular ideas of morality get so far reversed in that community, that one man bears an evil reputation, and another a good one, simply because the first does and the second does not swear and get drunk, and entirely irrespective of the fact that *both* live on the enforced labour of the poor and ignorant around them (whom they keep poor and ignorant for that purpose), keep black concubines in addition to their white wives, and sell their own children by those concubines to the slavetraders. Even this is not all. The person in that town who tries to help those poor enforced concubines into a country where they can lead decent lives, and retain the custody of their own children instead of seeing them sold like beasts, however spotless in all other points of character, is regarded, and treated, by the whole white population, as the worst member of their community, and may think himself fortunate if he escapes with his life. The very *ministers* of that people inculcate this mode of judgment; and represent the obligations of religion, morality and love to the neighbour, as if the Good Samaritan had been directed to consider the thieves as his neighbours, and to assist them in plundering the wounded traveller.

We propose to show, in another article, how thoroughly Mrs. Stowe's delineation of the clergy is sustained by their actual position, North and South, and how even those who are striving, in good faith, to prevent the extension of slavery in the West, are acting in such a manner as effectively to sustain and perpetuate it in the South.

BOTTS AND WISE.

We published last week some very pungent extracts from a remarkable speech lately made in Richmond, by Hon. John M. Botts, the leader of the Virginia Know-Nothings. Mr. Botts, it will be remembered, laid all the responsibility of the present political anti-slavery movements at the North upon the Democratic party, which, by repealing the Missouri Compromise, had opened the floodgates of agitation and provoked the people of the free States to combine for the resistance of slavery extension. He denounced the Kansas-Nebraska bill and its authors in terms of great severity, and declared that the slavery propagandists would have no right to complain of the North, even if they should elect a "Black Republican" President. He declared, furthermore, that the threats of the Southern Democracy to dissolve the Union in the event of Fremont's election were mere "sound and fury," and that their authors had not the power to fulfil their treasonable purposes. This speech caused an intense excitement among the Democratic slave-breeders of the Old Dominion. The Richmond *Enquirer*, the Richmond *Examiner*, the *South-Side Democrat*, and other journals of that party, denounced Mr. Botts as a "Black Republican," a traitor to Virginia, declared his speech "incendiary," and endeavoured to frighten him by threats of violence! And this was not all. Robert G. Scott, late President Pierce's Consul at Rio Janeiro, was put forward to answer the speech, which he did, in a style worthy of the slaveholding cause, on the 20th inst., before a mass meeting at Richmond. At the conclusion of Mr. Scott's abusive and illogical harangue, Gov. Wise, being called out by the audience, delivered himself of a speech which will be found at length on the first page. To this speech we invite the careful attention of our readers. It exhibits the spirit which rules the Democratic Slavery Propagandists of the South, the policy by which they control their Northern allies and the terrorism by which they have so long ruled the non-slaveholding class, crushing out the freedom of speech and the press by the fear of legal persecution or lawless violence. Mr. Wise, it will be seen, charges Mr. Botts with "treason to the hearth and home of the mother who bore him," calls him "an agitator and disturber of our peace," significantly reminds him that "there is in Richmond a Mayor, a Commonwealth's Attorney and a Grand Jury," and advised him to "look to the clauses of the penal statutes of the code of Virginia, which impose fine and imprisonment for the offence of speaking, writing or publishing matter tending to impair the value of property in slaves." The speech was calculated, if not designed, to raise a mob against Mr. Botts and drive him from the State. The Governor probably thought that, in view of such terrible denunciations and menaces, Mr. Botts would at least be compelled to disavow the sentiments he had uttered and humble himself before the offended slave-breeders of Richmond.

In all this, however, Gov. Wise was doomed to disappointment. Mr. Botts, so far from being frightened by the threats of the Governor and his backers, treated them with scorn and defiance. In a speech delivered at Petersburg, September 27th, he not only reiterated all that he said at Richmond, but denounced his assailants in terms of great severity. He declared that the men who repealed the Missouri Compromise "betrayed a degree of stupidity or ignorance, or want of intelligence, that utterly disqualified" them for holding any office under the Government, and said that "no man in the South, who aided in the disturbance of that Compromise," should ever receive his "support for anything on the face of the earth in a public point of view." He had received not less than a hundred letters asking him to speak in various places in Virginia in defence of the doctrines which Gov. Wise had declared treasonable. We give a few extracts from the speech, which occupies nearly two pages of *The Herald*.

"Well, now, gentlemen, I have said that, in my opinion, this was a great measure for the South. I say more than that—that it was not only a Southern measure, but a great national measure, and regarded by the whole country as a sacred and solemn compact and bargain con tracted between the North and the South; and Mr. Clay, to my certain personal knowledge, would as soon have felt himself at liberty to have put his hand into his barber's pocket as to have taken the advantage to break that compact thirty years after it had gone into effect, and endeavour to repeal that Compromise, and thereby rob the North (that is the expression in my speech which is denounced) of what they were entitled to under the contract. They have helped you to procure the admission of Missouri; they have helped you to procure the admission of Arkansas and Florida as slave States; they have aided you in the acquisition and admission of Texas; they have helped you to provide for four additional States from Texas—and when all this was provided for, then comes in the South to insist on breaking up this irrepealable contract in order that they might carry slavery beyond 36 deg. 30 min. into the Territory of Kansas.

"I take it for granted, if any gentleman disapproves of the position I have taken that he is no true American (cheers). He is not only not that, but he has acknowledged by the expression of his approbation that he prefers buck negroes to honour, to plighted faith, to every obligation that can rest upon a man and a gentleman. Let the bargain be a good or a bad one, I am for standing to it (cheers). I am no Ostend Conference man (cheers). I am not for taking what I can get, and for holding what I can take (cheers)."

"They stood it all very well until after the memorable events that occurred in South Carolina in 1832–3 when Mr. Calhoun raised the flag of nullification, secession and disunion, and when General Jackson was about to execute Mr. Calhoun. And I may say here, what I have often said to Mr. Clay during his life, that with all his great, noble, disinterested, self-sacrificing devotion to his country, he had been guilty of one unpardonable outrage—that he had been the author of the most mischievous proposition—one that had done more mischief, and would do more mischief, to the Union of the States, than all the other acts of all the other men put together, from the foundation of the government to that time; and what was it? It was the magnanimity and generosity with which he brought forward the compromise measure of 1833, and kept old Jackson from hanging Calhoun, who established at that day the hot-bed of fire-eaters and disunionists that have been going on gradually working and increasing, until they have acquired a power not belonging to their numbers, but which has been the result of their shrewdness and their superior capacity to the rest of the party with which they have connected themselves. And they have so far obtained the ascendency, though two years ago this platform would have contained all of them in the State. But the speaking men of the Democratic party not being able to get along with them, and the old line Democrats having confidence in them, they have gone on to obtain the ascendency and control of the old line Democrats of this State, until they have treated them with no more consideration than the old line Democrats have treated us Whigs and Americans (laughter and cheers). Look around now, and from the General down to the lowest fish inspector in the State, you will find that there is no man among them who was not a Whig, and who is not now a Calhoun Democrat (cheers). They appropriated all the offices to themselves. But after that difficulty was settled and Mr. Calhoun had yielded, there was no likelihood of a disruption, he then set himself to work to find out what other mischief he could do. He accordingly brought up the twenty-first rule, which made more Abolitionists in one year, by identifying the right of petition with the question of slavery, than the Abolitionists would have made for themselves in twenty-five years. I saw at that day the mischievous effects that that rule was to produce to Southern interests, and I stood almost alone, of all the Southern representatives, in voting against it. I maintained that the right of petition was a sacred and inviolable right, secured and guaranteed by the Constitution of the country to all the people of the country; and I maintained that it was a gross absurdity—a stupid absurdity—for us, the people of Virginia, who maintain the doctrine of the right of instruction, to say that you, the people, could instruct your representative to do what you desired, but that you had not the power to ask him, to petition him to do what you had the power to instruct him to do; and as well might these gentlemen have put it upon the ground that you had no right to petition for a Bank of the United States, because they said they had no constitutional power to pass a bank law. Why not have made that answer? To have said in answer to the petitions that there was no power, when there was no disposition to grant their prayers, would have obviated a great deal of trouble. That rule lasted so long as to have made such an army of Abolitionists in the North that the table of Congress was groaning beneath Abolition petitions, until the Democratic Congress themselves, seeing that they had created a flame which they could not extinguish, were forced to the necessity of repealing the twenty-first rule themselves; and while there were six thousand petitions presented to the Congress of the United States a year before the repeal of that rule, the session after its repeal there were but six. Well, that question was settled."

"Pierce has given great dissatisfaction throughout the South. He pledged himself to stand by the compromise measures; and yet, as the very first step following his inauguration, he elected those men as his constitutional advisers who were opposed to the compromise measures, and most ready to dissolve the Union. He has taken a man as his Secretary of War more notorious for his secession sentiments than probably any in the Union. He has taken Messrs. McClelland and Cushing from the North, and Marcy, the head of the Free Soil party in the State of New York, as his Secretary of State—a fact which has given great dissatisfaction to the North. And what is still more aggravated and more debased is his having removed Bronson from the Custom House in New York because he would not appoint the Softs to office under him. Well, they had nothing to fightabout. But Dixon introduced his proposition for the repeal of the Missouri Compromise. Well, said they, there is something in that. We will get up that question, and we will make the South believe that it is in danger, and they will then rally around the Democracy and the repeal of the Missouri Compromise (laughter and cheers). I charge upon the Democracy that they have sacrificed the honour and integrity of the South, by violating a stipulated contract between the North and the South. I charge upon them that, by the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, and leaving the North at liberty to apply the Missouri restriction as proposed in 1820, they have sacrificed every foot and inch of territory now belonging to the United States, or hereafter to be acquired, to the cause of the free settlers of the North. I charge upon them that they have brought the direst calamity that can befall a Christian people—civil war—into our country. I charge upon them that they have raised up a spirit of disunion and rebellion in the land, and that this Union is now openly threatened, not only in every State, but in every district in every State. I charge upon them that they have raised a whirlwind without the power to direct the storm for which they are responsible to you, the people of the South; aye, and as I said in my speech in the African church, but for the boldest audacity that ever controlled a party, instead of coming forward and asking us to help them to save the Union, they would bow their heads in shame and degradation, and come to us to relieve them from the obligations which they were not competent to fulfil (cheers). That is what they ought to have done."

"Now, gentlemen, I want to tell you something about this question of slavery, and what I think about it. And, first of all, I want to tell you what is my own position upon it; and for that purpose, I had better, as it has appeared already in print, and that there may be no misrepresentation upon it, read what I have already said. These gentlemen have seen it, and I want them to see it again:

"'My position on the question of slavery is this, and so far from wishing to conceal it, I desire it should be known to all. Muzzles were made for dogs, and not for men, and no press and no party can put a muzzle on my mouth, so long as I value my freedom. I make bold, then, to proclaim, that I am no slavery propagandist. I will resort to all proper remedies to protect and defend slavery where it exists, but I will neither assist in, nor encourage any attempt to force it upon a reluctant people anywhere, and still less, will I justify the use of the military power of the country to establish it in any of the Territories. If it finds its way there by legitimate means it is all well; but never by force, through any instrumality of mice. I am myself a slaveholder, and all the property my children have in the world is slave property, inherited from their mother; and he who undertakes to connect my name, or my opinions, with Abolitionism, is either a knave or a fool, and sometimes both. And this is the only answer I have to make to them. I have not connected myself with any sectional party or sectional question; and so help me God, I never will.'

"That is the only answer I have to make you upon the position I occupy on the slavery question (cheers). Why, gentlemen, there never was so arrant and so impudent a humbug—that was my expression, I will use it again—there never was so arrant and so impudent a humbug attempted to be practised upon the credulity of humanity as this question of slavery. Why, gentlemen, slavery is in no more danger than the coat I have on my back is of being taken away—not half as much, because they talked about lynching me, I believe, and yet I am not afraid of anybody taking my coat off; nor am I afraid that any man in this State will dare lay the weight of his finger upon my coat. That is all baby talk

this Union (laughter), and that on account of Fremont's election! Neither the old Whig party, the American party, nor the Democratic party entertain an idea of this sort. No; it is only this madman of the Democratic party that contemplates anything of the sort. The masses of the people, the masses of the Democratic party are just as sound upon the Union as we are (cheers). No longer than this morning, the *Enquirer* says it is the duty of all the public presses and orators of the State to let the North know at once what the South will be bound to do in the event of Fremont's election. I have not time to dwell any longer upon this subject of Wise. There is a good deal more that might be said if I had the time."

"I have from the beginning been in favour of a Fremont ticket in this State. I thought it was right as a matter of policy first; I thought it was right as a matter of right in the second place. I don't care who it is that any respectable portion of the people of Virginia may think proper to put up for the Presidency or any other office. It is a free country. I don't belong to the Democracy, and if I wanted to vote for Mr. Fremont all the Democrats upon the top of the globe and all that could be raked from below, could not keep me from giving that vote; and I claim no right for myself that I am not willing to accord to the humblest man in the Commonwealth (cheers). If they want a Fremont ticket let them have it, and there shall be no prohibition from Gov. Wise or anybody else. As a party it is our duty to check it. Why, is anybody afraid that they are going to get any American votes? I am sure not. Why do they resort to the anti-American, anti-liberty means of tarring and feathering to check this evil? Because they know there is rottenness and corruption in their own party. They know if there is a Fremont ticket, it would get from ten to fifteen thousand Fremont votes in this State, and all from the Democratic ranks."

It is clear that the slave-breeding and slave-driving Democracy, so long dominant at the South, will not be permitted to carry out their threats to dissolve the Union without meeting a stern resistance from a large and intelligent portion of the Southern people. Mr. Botts is nominally in favour of Fillmore, but it is clear that he expects the election of Fremont, and that he and his friends will be ready enough to accept office under him.

LATE FROM KANSAS.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

Lawrence Threatened—Geary's Promises to Disperse the Border Ruffians—His Treachery—Arrest of Free State Men, &c., &c.

LAWRENCE, K. T., September 15.

I have not written you for some time, supposing that my letters did not reach you; but as the events of to-day are so important to the Northern people, I will venture a description of them, trusting to Providence to have it reach you in safety.

Here we are in the midst of a war, internecine, fratricidal, cruel war. Yes, all day yesterday was our town under the greatest excitement in consequence of the startling news, that a large body of Border Ruffians, were on their march for this place. The number was variously stated at from 500 to 3,000 men. At first we heard from them twelve miles distant. A messenger was immediately despatched to Gov. Geary, at Lecompton, and we awaited the result with subdued anxiety. The great body of our fighting men, with most of our ammunition and one of our cannon, were absent, fighting the marauders North of the Kansas river. Of this fact our invaders had been informed, and were pressing on, in hot haste, to destroy Lawrence.

We mustered our men, the lame, the blind, the sick, the aged, and those, like your humble servant, totally inexperienced in military matters. The women and children fled to the stone houses for safety, and the men manned the forts; about 40 men were in the fort where I was stationed, and in addition to our guns, we were furnished with pitchforks to repulse the enemy, if it came to close quarters. The celebrated Mr. Brown, the hero of Black Jack and Ossawattomie, providentially happened in town and gave us orders. Said he, "while you are fighting, don't hoot and howl as they do, but let every man be as silent as the grave, spare your ammunition until you can see the white of their eyes, and then open upon them, firing low; be sure and aim low enough and you will hit them."

There were four or five of these forts, and another stone fortification upon the hill, near the ruins of Dr. Robinson's house. This was erected last week under the supervision of General Wakefield. All of our men had orders on *no account to surrender*, but to fight to the very last.

I felt a little sad as I bid adieu to my wife and hurried to the fort, but once there, I was surprised to find myself so far fallen from non-resistant grace, as to actually long for the attack to commence. I felt perfectly willing to die in such a glorious cause. The enemy were directly in sight and a collision seemed inevitable, when suddenly they halted; they saw our formidable appearance and wheeled about. Our men then went out in small companies to attack them, but the poor fellows have practised so much at running since the war commenced, that it seems as if they were acquainted with no other mode of warfare. Like Bully Brooks, these Missourians are "afraid, afraid, afraid," when even a few persons meet them resolutely. In all of our battles, we have had this truth abundantly demonstrated, that Border-Ruffianism is the very impersonation of cowardice. The knaves will never fight unless they are ten to one of their foe, or are in a fortified building. Just think of 2,800 men fleeing from less than 100. How true it is that, in the battle between truth and error, "one shall chase a thousand and two shall put ten thousand to flight." The van of the enemy, numbering perhaps 150 men, approached within half a mile of our town about 4 o'clock yesterday (Sunday) afternoon. Previous to that, Franklin was evacuated by about a dozen of our men left to guard it, and taken full possession of by the hideous rabble from Missouri. This attack on our town was almost wholly unexpected, for only a fortnight ago were their whole forces of 600 or 700 men put to precipitate flight by 150 of our cavalry. The Governor, as soon as he learned that Franklin was taken and partly burned by the invaders, despatched 400 troops and four cannons to drive them out. The troops *guarded Lawrence last night*, and probably saved it from destruction—the first act of real service they have ever performed for the Free State party. This is the first fruits of Gov. Geary's reign, all praise to him for his Andrew Jackson decision. Mothers and little children will think of Gov. Geary's name with gratitude, as they remember hereafter the memorable Sunday, September 14th, when Lawrence was devoted to destruction, and saved by his timely interference. The Governor has just returned from the camp of the enemy, and says there are full 2,800 men there. He told them they *must leave and should leave*, or his troops would unite with us in driving them out. At first, they swore they would fight the United States troops, and all this forenoon the shops were shut, and the citizens were under arms, momentarily expecting an attack.

And what is all this for? Why are we obliged to live on the crater of such a volcano, ready every moment to pour upon us its streams of molten lava? The reasons are simply these: 1st. Missouri chooses to implant slavery here, and her will must be done. 2nd. A corrupt Administration consents to do the dirty work of slavery, for the miserable pay of office. Therefore, our nightly slumbers must be disturbed by the firing of cannon and the discharge of guns! Therefore, our wives and little ones must be snatched at the dead of night from their couches, and hastily transported to a place of comparative safety, while their husbands and fathers rush to the deadly conflict, to fight demons from the bottomless pit—all that Missouri may rule, and Cushing, Davis & Co. may get into higher offices.

The Missourians have promised the Governor that they will leave and return home; but even now, while I write, they are said to be in sight of our town, and a messenger has just arrived from Ottowa, fifteen miles South, with the news that they are in that neighbourhood.

Sunday, Sept. 21. The enemy, after committing various depredations, has at length pretty much dispersed. Not so, however, with the Governor's posse. Under pretence of promoting "law and order," and meting out justice to both parties, the Governor is allowing all of our men to be arrested, and we are worse off than ever before. We all feel as if Geary were our worst foe, for he has "smote us under the fifth rib," exclaiming, at the same time, "Am I not your friend?" It may be that he will yet be able to justify his course; but, to-day, the almost universal feeling is, that we have been cruelly betrayed by this pretended "Free State" Governor. To be sure, we might have known that Pierce would have sent no other than a rascal here, but his great pretensions, and his talk to the "Border Ruffian" army deceived us. He insists upon our *obedience* to the Territorial laws, and wishes us to vote at the next Bogus election—which we can never do.

Let the Northern people fully understand that the gist of our controversy here is obedience or no obedience to the Territorial authority. No matter if Geary does drive the Border Ruffians out, if he endeavours to enforce the Border Ruffian code, he is a Border Ruffian too. At present, we have only exchanged one king for another. In fact, we had much rather the Missourians would attempt to enforce this code than the United States troops, for we can beat the former and the latter we might not be able to whip.

The Border Ruffian army, before it left Franklin, burned to the ground the saw mill and grist mill there, robbed and plundered every dwelling-house, even to stealing the baby-clothes of a new-born infant, and drove the women and children affrighted into the woods, after burning two or three of their houses. I saw with my own eyes, just at dark, three women and eight or ten little children rushing into Lawrence for protection. They had run five miles through the woods and had even been fired upon as they ran. They had lost everything, and had neither bonnets nor shawls upon their persons. The little children were screaming with terror, and as I reached forth my hand to one of them, it sprang into my arms with the instinctive feeling of one who had been terribly frightened. I never saw fear so vividly pictured upon any persons' countenances as it was upon those of these poor women and children.

But this is not all. As a portion of the bellish crew passed up the California road on their way to Lecompton, true to their cowardly propensities, they shot Mr. David Buffum, a very worthy man from Salem, Mass., who has been a cripple for nine months, and was totally unarmed and utterly unable to flee from them. Mr. Buffum died the next day. Such is Border Ruffianism! Brooks is an admirable representative of the whole crew. How can we expect anything more noble of such a set than firing upon sick women, stealing clothes from the backs of little infants, and shooting men who walk upon crutches! Have they not been brought up to steal from, and to whip the inoffensive slave? Is not the very essence of slavery meanness, irreparable meanness? Talk of the chivalry of the South! It is the damnable chivalry of the midnight assassin, who stabs the defenceless traveller! It is the infernal chivalry of the giant who tramples beneath his foot the tender infant! This is Southern Chivalry—this Border Ruffian nobility of soul.

Before I close I will give you a succinct history of the principal events of the civil war from its commencement to its close. The first event of consequence was the taking of a fort belonging to Buford's men, near Osawattomie, about the 8th of August. There was no blood shed on either side. Second, The battle of Franklin, on the night of the 12th of August. This resulted in the wounding of quite a number of our men and the killing of one of them, Mr. Sackett. Our forces took one cannon, a quantity of guns and ammunition, and a considerable amount of provisions, besides store goods to a large amount. Third, The destruction of a fort on Washington Creek, about eight miles from here. Not a gun was a fired, the enemy fleeing precipitately as they saw us approaching. The spoils at this place were considerable. This took place August 15. Fourth, The capture of Fort Titus, near Lecompton, on the following day. One of our men was killed in the battle, and several were wounded. Colonel Titus and sixteen of his men surrendered, and were taken into Lawrence as prisoners. They were afterwards exchanged for a few prisoners held by the enemy and the cannon taken from us at the destruction of the Hotels in May. Sixth, The rout of about 1,000 Missourians at Bull Creek by our advance guard of less than 150 horsemen. Bull Creek is about twenty-seven miles south-east of this place, and is a favourite rendezvous of the Southerners. This happened August 31st. After this, several events of importance transpired previous to the attack on Lecompton, which was Sept. 12. Mr. Snyder's, Judge Wakefield's, Mr. Heath's, Captain Walker's and some other houses were burned. A great deal of property was being destroyed, and, as a last resort, it was determined to "wipe out" Lecompton. The effort was unsuccessful, on account of the United States troops interfering, but it resulted in the enemy's suing for peace and surrendering all of their prisoners. The next week our arms were successful in attacking three Border Ruffian rendezvous, but were so unfortunate as to be taken prisoners by the troops on the last expedition. They are now at Lecompton being tried for various offences. They are half starved and treated with terrible severity.

What the result of all this will be I know not. Of one thing I am certain, viz., if Fremont is not elected and the North does not speedily come to our rescue, all is lost with us. You must be ready to march 10,000 men into Kansas, immediately after the election, or slavery will triumph and the day of its existence be lengthened fifty years. Fremont's election is life and death to us. Without it, a bloody war is our certain fate. With it, we may conquer. I repeat it—the North must come to our help or we shall be destroyed. How can you look coolly on and see us murdered by inches? Now is the time to prepare to aid us. By the 10th of November we shall be again invaded. Yours, JUSTICE.

POLITICS.

Speaker Banks addressed a large audience in Independence Square, Philadelphia, on Monday last.

——The difference between the Republicans of Chester County and those of Delaware County (Pa.) has been removed, and John S. Bowen is the candidate of both for Congress against John Hickman, the nominee of the Buchanan Democracy.

——The *Evening Mirror* of this city, a Fremont journal, says: "We regard Col. Fremont as *the* conservative candidate. We do not believe he will have a man in his Cabinet who is tinctured or tainted either with Abolitionism or Secessionism. His party is an ultra Union party, and his election will quiet and consolidate the Republic." The *Mirror* is a staunch supporter of the Compromises of 1850, the Fugitive Slave law included.

——N. P. Willis has avowed his intention to vote for Fremont, deeming him "one of those rare men who are sure to do well in all emergencies—not only with a brain lofty enough at the mainmast, and a heart sound and true enough in the hold, but with that *deep keel of common sense* which has regulated the perilous navigation by all the great pilots of the world (the most signal quality of Washington, among others), and which alone can ensure *true sailing and no capsizing*, in these stormy times." Mr. Willis says that his vote for the Republican candidate will be the first cast by him in his whole life.

——Ex-Governor Floyd, of Virginia, at the request of the Democratic Cottonocracy of this city, made a speech from the steps of the Exchange in Wall street, on the 2d inst., in reply to that delivered the week before, in the same place, by Mr. Banks. The speech was nearly all written out and printed beforehand. It was a poor affair and helped the Republicans more than it did the Democrats. The speaker, in the pauses of his discourse, refreshed himself with copious potations of brandy. The audience, which embraced many Republicans, was not so large as that which assembled to hear Mr. Banks. Capt. Rynders occupied a conspicuous place on the rostrum and took the lead in cheering the sentiments uttered by the speaker. The meeting had its origin in the zeal of the piously evangelical *Journal of Commerce*, and was intended to save the Union.

——Senator Wilson, of Massachusetts, addressed the mechanics and working-men of New York at the Tabernacle on Saturday evening last. He made good use of the extracts which will be found on the first page from Southern newspapers and speakers, showing that slaveholders advocate the enslavement of white as well as black labourers. The tone of his speech contrasted favourably with that of Mr. Banks in Wall street. Instead of paring down his anti-slavery sentiment to conciliate heartless conservatives, he used this emphatic language, which was greeted with shouts of applause:

"If we do go into power—and I believe we shall go into power in 1856 (cheers), and guide and control the policy of this Government—we mean that human slavery shall not go a single inch further on the North American Continent (loud cheers). Yes, gentlemen, if we place the reins of government into the hands of John C. Fremont—and we mean to do it (cheers)—we proclaim to the world that slavery shall be blotted out from the plains of Kansas, where it has been established by the rude hand of violence, and that the foot of the slave shall never press the soil of New Mexico, of Utah, of Oregon, of Washington or Minnesota (loud cheers)—ay, and further, we proclaim that if the boundaries of this country shall be extended either toward the North or the South, that wherever the flag of this Republic waves, its stars shall glitter only on free men and free territory (loud cheers). That banner may wave over the citadel of Quebec—that Gibralter of the Western World—it may float away up among the Arctic Seas where Kane raised the Christian symbol of the cross as Fremont carved it on the heights of the Rocky Mountains (loud cheers), and under which he buried two of his gallant crew—that flag may wave in the icy breezes of that northern climate, but it shall only wave over free men (cheers). It may float over the lofty summits of the Cordilleras, over the heated soil of Central America, over the tower of Moro Castle; but wherever it goes, if we control the government of the country, it shall carry free institutions with it" (loud cheers).

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, No. 646, contains the following articles: Cavalier and the Camisards; Two Hundred Pounds Reward; A Lord of the Creation—Part II; Pseudonyms; A Student's Story; Arrival of the Queen of Oude in England; Poetry; Short Articles. 343 Broadway.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS for October (American Reprint) contains the usual variety of useful and entertaining matter. The work bears the stamp of Dickens's genius and is worthy of a place in every American family.

MONSTROUS INHUMANITY.—The daily journals inform us of the following facts: On Sunday evening, about 9 o'clock, the steamer Roanoke arrived at her dock from Richmond, Va., and during the night, as they were discharging her cargo, one of the hands discovered a case, carefully done up, in which was secreted a man; he being nearly suffocated for the want of air, broke through the lid, when it was discovered that he was a fugitive slave. The steamer was immediately sent from her dock and anchored off Sandy Hook, and the negro sent on board of one of the Richmond packets, bound there.

The villains who thus consigned again to slavery the poor negro whose desire for freedom was attested by the sufferings he willingly endured in the hope of obtaining it were guilty of an act of inhumanity which every honourable mind must shudder to contemplate. We shall endeavour to ascertain the names of the parties responsible for this deed of kidnapping and villany, that we may hold them up to the scorn and indignation of the public.

FACE TO FACE.—In another column will be found a letter from the Charleston *Mercury*, giving an account of an interview which lately took place between several Southern gentlemen and Messrs. Theodore Parker and William Lloyd Garrison, in Boston. The author of the letter, we understand, is N. H. R. Dawson, Esq., of Cahaba, Dallas Co., Alabama, a practising lawyer and a man of some note at the South. It is remarkable that such a letter should be written by a Southern Fire-eater, and still more remarkable that it should find a place in the *Mercury*. Since placing the letter in the compositor's hands, we have seen in the New York *Herald* a letter from Richard Yeadon, Esq., editor of the Charleston *Courier*, giving at length his version of the conversation between himself and Messrs. Parker and Garrison. We shall publish extracts next week.

A RECREANT PRIEST REWARDED.—Rev. Henry Wood, former editor of the New Hampshire *Congregational Journal*, who vouched for the high moral and evangelical standing of Franklin Pierce in 1852, after enjoying a profitable consulship for four years, has been further rewarded by a chaplaincy in the United States Navy. The Rev. deceiver still holds his place as an "evangelical" clergyman. Of what consequence is it, so long as he is "sound in the faith," that he lent himself as the tool of the slavery propagandists? Even the professedly anti-slavery pulpits of New Hampshire would probably be opened to him none the less on that account.

THE PANORAMA OF LIFE AND LITERATURE for October contains the best half of the contents of several current numbers of *The Living Age*, including tales, essays, reviews, poetry, &c., culled from the best English sources. The terms of this work are only $3 per annum. Boston: Littell, Son & Co.

DISMISSED.—The telegraph states that Rev. MONCURE D. CONWAY, the brave young Unitarian preacher of Washington, has been dismissed. We shall doubtless learn the facts in the case in due time.

Summary.

DESPERATE BETTING.—A couple of church members out West have become so excited in the Presidential contest as to bet their *pews!*

MR. SUMNER.—We are glad to hear, as we do from an authentic source, that Mr. Sumner's health has considerably improved within the past week.—*Boston Telegraph, 4th.*

The Charleston *Standard* says that the ball given in honour of Mr. Brooks was attended by "some of the most reserved families, who rarely go out of their own immediate circles."

Lieutenant-Governor Willard, a Buchanan leader, in a recent speech at Martinsville, Ind., said: "The burning of Lawrence, in Kansas, *was right* in the sight of Heaven, and it would have been a blessing to the country if Free State men there had been burned with it, and their ashes ploughed under."

A PRACTICAL MOTTO.—We noticed a few days ago the motto of the *Morgantown Star*. It is worth copying, and is as follows:

"The price of liberty is eternal vigilance. The price of the *Star* is fifty cents."

DECLINE IN THE PRICE OF NEGROES.—The *Warrenton* (Fauquier, Va.) *Flag* notices a decline in the price of negroes, and says that several sold to the highest bidder on Monday, at prices ranging several hundred dollars below sums paid for the same description of servants a few weeks ago.

Said Col. Benton to a Republican representative, the other day, "You blame Pierce, sir; don't blame him; I say, sir, he has nothing to do with Kansas, nothing, sir, nothing. He can't say his soul is his own. Jeff. Davis holds him as a nurse holds a sucking baby. Don't blame Pierce, sir, do n't blame him."

Mrs. Clay, the widow of Henry Clay, has published a note in the *Louisville Journal*, in which she says her son, James B. Clay, was always an affectionate child and enjoyed the confidence of his father. He is now stumping the State in support of his father's defamer, James Buchanan, and this has drawn from his father's political friends such severe comments that his mother has appeared in defence of his character.

The Delaware *Free Press*, Wilmington, of October 4, says, that "the Supreme Court of Utah has decided that the organic act extends the common law over Utah, and the act being in the nature of a constitution, the common law therefore overrides all the statutes of the Mormon Legislature. This renders illegal polygamy and the statutes made by order of Brigham Young. How would that decision apply to Kansas and the infamous Shawnee Missouri laws? The common law in Kansas is all that freedom asks."

MR. FILLMORE.—The New Bedford *Standard* says:

"In his speech at Tremont the other day, Hon. Josiah Quincy, Jr., of Boston, asserted, that of his own knowledge, Mr. Fillmore, while at Rome, was a constant worshipper in the Catholic church, and very frequently received the benediction of the Pope."

We understand that Mr. Quincy's statement on that point will soon be printed in an authentic form, and we shall then probably have occasion again to refer to it.—*Bost. Telegraph.*

Among the toasts proposed at the banquet of the International Congress of Benevolence, which took place in Brussels on the 17th ult., we quote the following by Mr. Victor Faider:

"To the ladies, models of devotion and abnegation—to Miss Frederika Bremer, who came from Sweden to take part in the proceedings of the Congress—to Mrs. Stowe, the authoress of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' and Miss Nightingale—to the Sisters of Charity of every creed, and of every country."

DEATH OF J. MORRIS PEASE.—Rev. J. Morris Pease, agent of the New York Colonization Society for exploring Western Africa, died in this city last evening, at the house of Rev. B. I. Ives. Mr. Pease has been sick for some weeks, with typhoid fever. He was a brother of Rev. E. M. Pease of the Five Points Mission, New York; was in the prime of life, and a gentleman highly respected wherever known. He has been one of the most active and efficient agents the Colonization Society has ever employed; and has aided many a poor slave in finding a free home in Africa.—*Auburn Am., Sept. 30.*

FUNERAL OF AN AGED COLOURED FIREMAN.—Toney, the oldest coloured fireman in the city, whose venerable figure was always seen in their public processions, occupying the post of honour, died last week, and was buried yesterday afternoon. The funeral was probably the largest ever seen in this city. The coloured fire companies were out to the number of about 400; No. 1, of which the deceased was an honorary member, mustering over 70 men. Besides the long procession in carriages and on foot, there were probably fully 1,000 negroes of all ages who preceded and followed the procession in an orderly manner, but not in close ranks.—*Savannah (Ga.) News.*

The *Daily True Californian* relates the following incident in the life of a Poet. When William Cullen Bryant wrote, thirty-six years ago, what is esteemed to be his masterpiece, "Thanatopsis," and in which poem he speaks of the magnificent river Columbia—or as it was then called "Oregon"—he little dreamed that it would ever be read in a public assembly, on the very spot (Astoria) where first the axe of the woodman broke the stillness of the wilderness and forests of those shores. Yet, such is the fact; as we see by the Oregonian papers that Mr. Stephen C. Massett has been reading there, with marked favour, in his selections from different authors, this gem of the great American poet.

A TRIAL OF INTEREST.—A trial of some interest was commenced in the Supreme Court yesterday. It is brought by Wm. A. White, Esq., a member of the bar, against James Reed, for damages for an assault alleged to have been committed by the defendant upon the plaintiff by forcibly ejecting Mr. White from the Court-House during the "Burns trial" in May, 1854—Mr. Reed then acting under the authority of the United States Marshal. John A. Andrew and Wm. L. Burt for plaintiff; B. F. Hallett for defendant. This morning the Jury returned a verdict of $300 in favour of the plaintiff.—*Boston Transcript, October 2.*

LIBERATION OF TWELVE SLAVES.—Catharine Smoot, of Jefferson County, Kentucky, widow of Alexander Smoot, who died in 1847, says the Cincinnati *Commercial*, was passenger recently on the mail boat from Louisville to this city, with eleven slaves, whom she proposes to emancipate. She was offered $10,000 cash down for the lot, but said that the money was no temptation, as she would free her servants because she was convinced that it was her duty as a Christian to do so. A black man belongs to her who was not with this company, as he is hired out for a term, at the expiration of which, he too is to be freed. She says that she considers it her duty, after freeing her slaves, to make such provision for them that they will not suffer or become burdensome to those among whom they will make their home.

INSOLENCE REBUKED.—A correspondent sends us the following notice of an incident which occurred a day or two since in this city:

"A Southerner who has been a good customer of one of my neighbours for several years, approached him after he had made the usual Fall purchase with the remark, 'Now we have finished business, let me inquire Mr. ——, how you stand in politics?' The creditor, with manly independence replied in a very kind tone, 'I intend to vote for Fremont and hope he'll be elected.' 'Well, then,' said the other, assuming a threatening attitude, 'all I've got to say is, if you vote for Fremont, and he's elected, I shall never pay for those goods.' 'Well,' replied the son of Freedom, 'as I always expect to get paid for goods I deliver, I beg leave to inform you that you cannot buy goods of me on those terms.' A noble reply, worthy a place beside that of the firm who said their *goods* and not their principles were for sale."—*Times.*

We hear various anecdotes and interesting facts about the young Czar. It is certain that in addressing the nobility at Moscow he spoke of the dangers of serfage, and invited his nobility to think about the means of abolishing it. "You know," he said, "that I hate the institution of serfage, and I am sure you dislike it also. Let us, therefore, do our best for a slow and steady change, for it is better to *give* freedom to our serfs than to see them *take* it against our will." When the Empress mother heard that the Ministers Kleinmichel and Czernitaheff had been dismissed, she rushed to the Czar and sharply remonstrated with him for dispensing with the services of two noblemen, who had served that great Emperor, Nicholas, for more than twenty years to his satisfaction. Czar Alexander kissed the hand of his mother, and replied with a smile: "My father was a great genius, and could easily afford to have inferior men for ministers, since they had only to carry out his own views; but as to me, you have often told me that I am by far his inferior; in fact I am but a common-place Emperor; I must, therefore, try to surround myself with eminent men, the Kleinmichels and Czernetaheffs will not do for me."—*Cor. Tribune.*

RIGHTS OF COLOURED PERSONS.—A suit was tried in the Supreme Court on Saturday, brought by Sarah Williams, a coloured woman, against the proprietors of the Empire Stage Line, to recover damages for an assault, by ejecting her from the stage. The defence was, that the plaintiff was unfit to associate with white people, and the Company's rules forbid coloured persons to ride in their coaches. The facts were proved, and Judge Whiting decided that, the defendants as common carriers, were compelled to carry all passengers, whatever their colour, who presented themselves and tendered the usual fare, and they could not set up any rule contrary to any general rule of law. The jury came in with a verdict for plaintiff of $12, but a question arising as to the costs, they retired for another consultation, and failing to agree, were discharged.—*N. Y. Mirror.*

On Thursday, a Reporter of *The Tribune* was beset by a gang of Ruffians while quietly pursuing his tedious duty in taking notes of Gov. Floyd's speech at the Exchange. They tried to beat and bruise, and, perhaps, kill him—all because he was recognised as attached to this journal. He bore himself with gallantry and coolness amid the furious throng, and by the help of the police escaped uninjured.

On Thursday night another gang of Ruffians, led, as we hear, by a "Democratic" Councilman, entered a Republican meeting in the Fourteenth Ward and broke it up. The venerable Judge Emmet was speaking; but they paid him the compliment of forcing him to cease.

Free discussion is what the Ruffians fear most desperately, whether in Missouri, Virginia or New York. They feel that they must put it down, or that it will put them down. They are right in that. But we tell them, they mob Republican reporters and speakers in vain.—*Tribune.*

THE BLACK DOUGLAS.—Senator Douglas once stated in a speech that he was not descended from the Black, but the Red Douglas, upon which a Scotchman among his audience exclaimed: "And a dom'd long descent it is, too!" But the Little Giant appears to be ambitious, just now, to pass himself off for Black Douglas. He recently said, in a speech at Galena, or at least is so reported by a Democratic paper:

"They call me a Pro-Slavery man. But I am, like you, opposed to slavery, and rejoice in the policy which has made the slaveholding States of seventy years ago free States at this time. I am proud that my adopted State of Illinois is a free State, and will remain so."

This is the sort of thing that he has been in the habit of calling "Black Republicanism," "Abolitionism," and so on, but he finds it necessary, it seems, to assume the garb of Republicanism himself, to serve the South in. But it won't do. —*N. Y. Times.*

NEGRO STEALING.—The *Petersburg Express* of Monday last informs us that on the day previous much excitement was created in Petersburg, which disturbed the usual quiet of that city, by the appearance of an agitated looking person, who was in search of one of his neighbours from Mecklenburg, who eloped off with some five of his negroes. After an hour's search, the abductor was found and conveyed to *that* building adjoining the Court-house.

The *Express* withholds the particulars until the Court of justice has its way.

The *South Side Democrat*, referring to the same affair says:

"A North Carolinian, named A. Wateman, was arrested in Norfolk on Tuesday, for having sold to Mr. Wm. H. Hall two negroes belonging to Mr. Joseph Robertson of Pasquotank County, N. C.; but, on reaching the jail door, he broke away from the officers, and made good his escape. He says that he caught the negroes in the Dismal Swamp as runaways."

MECHANICS, DO YOU HEAR THAT?—Mr. James Colwell was, the other day, selling window shades, at Cheraw, South Carolina. John Malone was one of his men, and in a bar-room dared to say he should vote for making Kansas a free State, for he *thought poor white men did n't stand as good a chance to get a living in the Slave States as in the Free.* John Malone was attacked for Freedom of Speech, and James Colwell defended him. *For this* they were sent out of the State. They were nearly mobbed at Wilmington, N. C., and at Norfolk put two days and nights in a dirty jail. James Colwell lost his property and business.

Mechanics and laborers! what do you think of a poor man in the slave States? Now what do you think of making Kansas, New Mexico, and Utah slave States! Would you like to live there when slavery has gone in? *Think* of this. *Think* whether you do live in the Land of the Free, when such things are done and go unrebuked! Will you vote for such things? —*Cincinnati Gazette.*

COTTON IN ALGERIA.—A correspondent of the London *Times* says that the growth of cotton in Algeria was attracting much attention in France. An official statement has just been submitted in which the Minister of War recognises the good effects of the decrees of 1853, which authorize premiums. In consequence of this encouragement, the growth of cotton has increased, and it has been proved not only that the plant flourishes in many districts of the colony, but that its quality is comparable to that of the finest product of the United States. A prolongation of the advantages assured to the producer is suggested, and it has accordingly been decreed that the government will continue to purchase the whole of the Algerine cotton until the crop of 1858 inclusively. It may not be uninteresting to manufacturers to watch the progress of this fresh field, which, judiciously nurtured by the French government, may, perhaps, ere very many years have passed, compete for their custom with the vast cotton grounds of the States. It is yet too soon to risk a prediction as to what Algeria may do in this way, but present appearances are favourable, and doubtless France will neglect no means of converting into a profitable colony a territory which has hitherto served but as an expensive training ground for her soldiers.—*Baltimore American.*

THE INEQUALITY OF TAXATION IN VIRGINIA is now exciting attention among her citizens. The Wellsburgh *Herald*, amid some of that bitter opposition which might be expected, is honestly showing the people of Western Virginia what slavery costs.

A recent number of that sheet has an able article on the present system of taxation. It seems that the tax on *slaves* is fixed by the Constitution; on all other property, it is rated by the Legislature. Here is a fraud to begin with: The Constitution was framed when slaves were far cheaper than now. The Constitution provides that "every slave, over twenty years old, shall be taxed equal to the tax on lands of the value of three hundred dollars. Slaves under that age, shall not be taxed." The number under twelve years is about 200,000—and the marketable value would be at least $300 each on an average; making an aggregate of sixty millions of "property," not taxed at all! Moreover, slaves over twelve, assessed by the Constitution at $300 each, are worth, on an average, $500 each. There being in the State 300,000 slaves over twelve years of age, this makes *another* sum of sixty millions not taxed! The State Tax is forty cents on the hundred dollars. If slaves, therefore, were *equitably* taxed, they would pay an annual revenue of nearly half a million dollars more than they do now. The *whole* revenue of Virginia, last year, was somewhat less than one million of dollars.

How oppressive on the cities and towns, and on all whose property is not largely in slaves, is the present system of taxation in Virginia, we need not indicate.—*Tribune.*

AN OBERLIN CHARACTER.—Oberlin has at least one character meet for the pen of Harriet Beecher Stowe. It is that of Allen Jones, the North Carolina emancipationist! How old he is "he did n't know no more'n a rabbit," but he is good and gray as Uncle Tom. Stout and stalwart, he was a famous blacksmith at Raleigh, N. C., and shod all the stage-horses on the routes of that region. In 1830 he bought himself for $3,050; in 1831, his wife and three children for $1,500; and his "old fadder," of 70, for $500. He lived and worked at his trade in Raleigh, till 1843, accumulating several thousand dollars worth of property, which he sold on credit to "white folks," and lost nearly the whole by the bankrupt law. About this time "free niggers" becoming obnoxious because they would educate their children and read newspapers—Jones took the *National Intelligencer* and does yet—he removed to Ohio. Finding that "coloured folks" fared at Cincinnati about as in Carolina, he settled at Oberlin, where he now owns a handsome property, and enjoys all the comforts of life and the luxury of freedom. His home is beautiful with trees and flowers, and two of his six sons have graduated with College honours. Two others will at next Commencement, and his other sons and daughter are examples of industry and studiousness that many of lighter skin might imitate with advantage.

Allen is the politest man in Oberlin, and with a "God bless ye, sir, this is a nice place to eddicate children in," greets everybody attracted to his shop door by the sturdy blows within.—*Cleveland Herald.*

PROGRESS IN COLLEGES.—Some five years ago a great deal was said by a certain class of politicians, on colleges as *conservative* institutions, exerting a restraining influence over the fanaticism of the uneducated masses. But no one can have attended the public exercises of our various recent College Commencements, without having satisfactory evidence that, at the present time, the educated minds coming forth from these seats of learning are in sympathy with the community at large. These students have not been so secluded, nor so engrossed with *ancient* lore, nor indeed been under such antediluvian instructors, but that their pulse beats in unison with the great heart of New England.

The true genius of our system of education, and the cause of liberal letters, are not opposed to that progress which is necessary to sustain the liberties of the Republic.

That the advancing spirit of the age, as respects personal liberty, permeates even our College walls, is strikingly illustrated in the fact that two of our New England Colleges have, the present season, conferred honour upon a champion of freedom, and particularly in the fact that while in one of these Colleges, less than fifteen years ago, in the study of Paley's Moral Philosophy, the chapter on slavery was, at the suggestion of the President, omitted, or passed over; the venerable Professor of Law taught the students that it did not become the North to condemn the South, nor meddle with the institution of slavery, because our fathers were once implicated in it —and the distinguished Professor of Chemistry, while lecturing on manures, invidiously compared a heap of manure *gathering heat* and *fuming*, to a pack of Abolitionists, who met together and excited each other. *Now*, the *Faculty*, even, are out-spoken defenders of liberty, and this revered Professor of Chemistry has himself become prominently identified with the rights and interests of freemen in Kansas!! Surely, here is an encouraging omen, and proof abundant that our Colleges are conservators of what is good, and not of what is merely old!—*Congregationalist.*

DR. FRANKLIN'S ONLY SON.—While the name of Franklin has been so prominently before the public of late, in connection with the celebration at Boston, it may not be uninteresting to give some account of his only son, William, about whom we think little is known by the community at large. Unlike his father, whose chief claim to veneration is for the valuable services he rendered his country in her greatest need, the son was, from first to last, a devoted loyalist. Before the Revolutionary War he held several civil and military offices of importance. At the commencement of the war he held the office of Governor of New Jersey, which appointment he received in 1763. When the difficulties between the mother country and the colonies were coming to a crisis, he threw his whole influence in favour of loyalty, and endeavoured to prevent the Legislative Assembly of New Jersey from sanctioning the proceedings of the General Congress of Philadelphia. These efforts, however, did but little to stay the tide of popular sentiment in favour of resistance to tyranny, and soon involved him in difficulty. He was deposed from office by the Whigs to give place to William Livingston, and sent a prisoner to Connecticut, where he remained about two years in East Windsor, in the house of Captain Ebenezer Grant, near where the Theological Seminary now stands. In 1778 he was exchanged, and soon after went to England. There he spent the remainder of his life, receiving a pension from the British Government for the losses he had sustained by his fidelity. He died in 1813, at the age of 82.

As might be expected, his opposition to the cause of liberty, so dear to the heart of his father, produced an estrangement between them. For years they had no intercourse. When, in 1784, the son wrote to his father, in his reply Dr. Franklin says: "Nothing has ever hurt me so much, and affected me with such keen sensations, as to find myself deserted in my old age, by my only son; and not only deserted, but to find him taking up arms against me in a cause wherein my good fame, fortune and life were all at stake." In his will, also, he alludes to the part his son had acted. After making him some bequests, he adds: "The part he acted against me in the late war, which is of public notoriety, will account for my leaving him no more of an estate he endeavoured to deprive me of." The patriotism of the father stands forth all the brighter when contrasted with the desertion of the son.—*Newburyport (Mass.) Herald, September 23.*

Acknowledgments, from Sept. 1 to October 2.

FOR STANDARD.

871	Dr. Blake Wales, Liberty,	N. Y.	$1 00
848	Henry Fowler, Rochester,	"	1 00
850	John W. Champlin, N. Y. City,	"	54
867	Robert M. Pratt,	"	2 00
870	James A. Burr, Ludlowville,	"	2 00
867	Alexander Welch, Ludlowville,	"	3 69
850	Edwin Wilmarth, Greenwich,	"	4 00
820	Lydia A. Wilbur, Swansey Village, Mass.		2 00
851	E. T. Bartlett, E. Worthington,	"	1 00
884	Mrs. Charles Goddard, Winchendon,	"	2 00
874	Mrs. Sarah Bruce, Hanover,	"	4 00
888	Dea. N. Mulliken, Lexington,	"	4 00
885	Mrs. Caroline E. Putnam, Salem,	"	2 00
849	Mrs. Asa Hall, Sutton,	"	4 00
873	David K. Akin, S. Yarmouth,	"	3 00
809	Francis Clough, Worcester,	"	2 00
884	Dr. Joseph Sargent, Worcester,	"	3 00
884	Rev. C. Francis, Cambridge,	"	4 00
858	Charles Russell, New Bedford,	"	4 00
859	Bailey Birge, Northampton,	"	4 00
875	Benjamin Comings, Fairlee, Vt.		3 09
864	P. Pixley, Unionville, O.		2 00
952	Howard W. Gilhurt

Miscellaneous Department.

THE LAST DAYS OF A GERMAN REVOLUTION.

EVERYBODY recollects something of the German parliament that sat not very many years ago at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, and has heard of the constitution emanating from it. In those days, princes had reasons of their own for promising some satisfaction to their subjects. Twenty-eight of them accordingly accepted this Germanic constitution, and some even went so far as to have it sworn to by their soldiers. Changes again occurring in the aspect of affairs, the princes began to back out of their pledges. Armies found that the oaths they had taken were accounted dead words after the lapse of a few weeks. Some of them were slow to understand why they were not to defend what they had sworn to defend; and among them, the army of the Grand Duke of Baden rose in a mass, declaring that it would defend the Germanic constitution, though it was their own prince who set it at defiance. The same thing occurred in the Bavarian Palitinate; and it was supposed that the same would occur also in Wurtemburg. These things gave courage to patriotic, or, if you will so have it, revolutionary people, and in the movement many joined—I among others. The proceedings in which I took part may be considered very democratic, and altogether wanting in respectability. For the reassurance of some readers, therefore, I may say, that the name I bear is known in history as that of one of the most famous kings of Hungary; my ancestors have been princes and kings, and have had emperors for blood-relations. When my great-grandfather settled in Prussia, he built a castle there, and bought about thirty knightly estates. My grandfather, who had twelve sons, became a Prussian general. Several of my uncles held also the highest rank in the Prussian army, and some fell in the French wars.

I was educated at the cadet-schools of Potsdam and Berlin; and, at the age of seventeen, passed as a lieutenant in the Prussian army. Then, I despised civilians, and talked against canaille. The long peace wearied me of drilling-ground, parade, and drawing-room. Reflections grew upon me. To the horror of all my aunts and she-cousins, I quitted military service; to the greater horror of all my uncles and he-cousins, I became an author. To crown my folly, I abandoned Prussia, and became a citizen of the free city of Frankfort; afterwards of Leipsic. The opinions expressed in my historical and other books, caused my name to be written in the black books of the governments of Germany. In February, eighteen hundred and forty-eight, I was in Paris; but not as a spectator only of the revolution there. Yet I had no part in the absurd schemes and foolish theories by which many of my comrades helped to bring the cause of public liberty to wreck. Fresh from the experience of Paris, I went to the revolted Grand Duchy of Baden, whence the Grand Duke had fled by night, sitting upon a gun-carriage.

I write this true sketch from personal experience of the extinction of a little German revolution, for an English public that has been taught to dwell rather unduly on its littleness. The Baden revolution—guided, no doubt, by the counsels of a great many foolish men; for there is no lack of hot-headed direction among democrats—was, at any rate, supported by a regular army of twenty thousand men, both cavalry and infantry; by plenty of very good artillery; by a militia (chiefly without arms) eighty thousand strong; and by many thousands of the citizens and people. The little revolution was so far considered formidable, that one hundred and twenty thousand men, most of them Prussians, were sent to suppress it.

When Mannheim was attacked, General M—— repulsed the Hessians from the Neckar side, near Käferthal, while I defended the Rhine side against the Prussians. The Hessians retired directly; but the fight with the Prussians lasted, with intervals, of course, for three days and three nights. Though in this we had the upper hand, other events of the struggle forced us to quit Mannheim, and fall back upon the important fortress, then unfinished, of Rastadt. My regiment, which had been chiefly composed of the inhabitants of Mannheim, disbanded itself on our departure from that town, and I had nothing to do in Rastadt but make myself generally useful, until, when I was at the gate departing from the fortress, I was detained by the soldiers, and appointed by them chief of the general staff; which position burdened me with the defence of the place against the Prussians. To a public fresh from reading about Sebastopol, I shall say nothing of our little siege of Rastadt. We made sallies, and endured bombardments; but it was unreasonable that six thousand men should be left to their fate, without proper provisions, in an unfinished fortress, for the defence of which even twenty thousand would not have been force enough. Our little army was, moreover, disorganized, and the relief promised us in a fortnight, was thought about no more. We did all that was possible; and, after a siege of four weeks, when the commander-in-chief of the Prussians, General Count G——, summoned the fortress to surrender, and assured us that our case was hopeless, for that there was no sign whatever of an effort for our rescue, we asked leave, before giving him an answer, to send out beyond his lines persons who might see what hope the garrison could think itself entitled to maintain. This leave was given, and I went, accompanied by a Prussian officer, Count S——, and an old woman of a major of our own. We travelled through Baden to Constance, and assured ourselves that the garrison of Rastadt had been, a fortnight ago, left to its fate by the revolutionary army. The garrison, therefore, empowered me, after my return, to surrender on the best conditions I could get; but on some conditions, be they what they might, to surrender before nightfall. Many of the soldiers had become as unruly and as selfish as the meaner sort of men become on a sinking ship. The stores had been all day ravaged by plunderers. At night, nobody could say whether, by some desperate wretch, the Prussians might not be let in, and the defenders of the fortress treated, not as the garrison of a surrendered town, but of a town taken by storm. All lost by this. The Prussian General had not been unwilling to accede to my suggestion that we should negotiate for our capitulation with the Grand Duke of Baden, a more merciful man than the Prince of Prussia was supposed to be. The necessity for an immediate surrender made the surrender almost unconditional. Some favourable points were, however, conceded in the few conditions written by the General Count G—— himself; namely, that we should be treated as prisoners of war; that martial law should not be used against us; and that "only a few of the ringleaders should be submitted to an examination." The general promised to use his personal influence with the grand duke, in a way favourable to the garrison, and said he would remember me especially, if I caused the surrender to be effected throughout, without conflict or disturbance. In all that he said, and afterwards in all that he did, I believe Count G—— meant well, and felt well, as an honest gentleman.

All having been arranged, the general, after he had written down the terms of the capitulation, rode away, as I was told, to the Prince of Prussia. He did not return; but there came, instead of him, a major of his staff, who said that he had powers to sign on his behalf. Knowing that there was much work to be done by a commander who had to organize among troops widely scattered, the prompt occupation of a town, I did not mistrust this substitution. Now, I believe, that it was meant to save the general from pledging his name to promises which it was thought inconvenient to fulfil. In the afternoon, therefore, we marched out to lay down our arms. Means of escape were offered to me by a friendly family. But flight at such a moment would of course have been an act of baseness. Yet, had I fled, I might have been fit for the friendship of a knot of men living by revolutions, and most careful not to die by them, who said that I had received a million of florins as the price of Rastadt, and that I was living at ease in Spain. I being, when they said this, at Bruchsal pining in a solitary prison.

On our way to the gates, I rode across the Rastadt market-place, and could not help laughing at sight of the town-hall decked out with the grand duke's colours, and the mayor and corporation on the balcony all ready to repeat, with a few modifications, the same speeches they had made but a few months ago to the victorious people. "Good bye, comrades," I cried to them; "the wind is changing, but your sails are admirably trimmed." A battalion of militia surrounded me with words of hearty sympathy, as if I were already going to be shot; for that fate was to be expected for us ringleaders.

Arrived at the last barrier of the fortress, I found, contrary to stipulation, the Prussian troops already upon the glacis. I cried out against this, and turned my horse. A Prussian lieutenant-colonel shouted to me, "You shall not return; stay here." "I go," I said, "to ensure order;" and rode back, followed with insulting exclamations. In this spirit the whole act of surrender was met. I forbear details. Arms having been laid down, we were led by an officer and a strong guard through the main ditch into the largest of three forts of Rastadt. Our horses were taken from us, note being made of them, and of their owners' names; my carriage with our luggage, since it could not follow through the ditch, had gone round by the town gate, where it was plundered by the Prussian soldiers. The commandant, however, who was a brave and honest major, procured restitution. The fortress not being known to the Prussians, they were at a loss how to find quarters for us of the general staff; and we were kept waiting till dark before a locked-up wooden barrack. At last, there came up a Baden man, an officer, who for his petty tyranny had been both turned out and cudgelled by his troops. "So!" he said, "I can find fitter quarters than this barrack for the gentlemen of the staff." By his directions, we were led through a dark postern down a stone staircase to the lowest casemates; namely, those which served for the defence of the main ditch. Two little dens were there assigned to us; while, on our right hand, two hundred men were driven and penned like sheep in the casemates situated in the escape beneath the courtine. These places, never meant for human occupation, were dripping with water, and the unpaved floors were simply pools of mud. With nightfall, heavy rain set in, and the wind blew through the open loopholes, so that, although these events were happening in the mid-summer season—for which reason many of us were clad thinly—we were very cold, and we felt severely the want of straw, light, bread, and water—severely, but not seriously. We chose to keep ourselves alive with song and laughter. Some of us had good store of cigars about us, and we bore our trouble well until we dropped one by one into our beds of mud, and slept. I did not like to throw myself on the ground without some little circumspection, and lighted a match, to get a brief glimpse of the corner I had chosen. A pair of fine large toads looked at me gravely with their brilliant eyes, whereat my exclamations awoke several sleepers, of whom one or two could tell of mysterious touches on the face and hands. We made no great stir, and I went to bed upon two majors. They, being sound asleep, I laid my head on one and my feet on the other, without putting them to any inconvenience.

Next morning, we were all in wretched plight. Major W——, always the trimmest man of the whole staff, was chattering with fever, moaning in French for coffee, roaring in Polish for destruction upon Prussians. Many of our men had taken, on the last day of their liberty, unwise draughts of the sour Baden wine, and were enduring agonies of thirst; while the whole atmosphere was thick and sultry from the breathing and smoking of so many people in so damp and narrow a den. The door was thundered at for water, and at last the Prussian sentinel brought us a bucket full, and set it on the staircase. Dirty as this water was, there was a rush for it—a fight for it. Many poor fellows crept back unsatisfied, with parched lips and throbbing heads. All this was little in accordance with the promises of General G—— and the accepted terms of the capitulation. I wrote, therefore, a note to him in pencil, asking for dog's allowance, simply straw and water. Towards night, we got plenty of water, and some very bad bread. We had made friends with some Prussian soldiers, who procured for us a jug of wine. The cigars still held out, and we held out too, singing ourselves to sleep, as defiantly as ever.

On the morning following, my note produced its effect. We officers of the staff were ordered up to two small casemates situated on the berme of the main rampart. The berme being the brim of the main ditch on the escarpe, these casemates were above ground, and reasonably dry. Their loopholes were glazed, and a large window that opened on a little yard lying between them gave sufficient air and light. Straw, and a few coverlets and small comforts obtained for money, made this place of durance tolerable enough. In the course of a few more days, also, our relations with the Prussian soldiers underwent considerable change. They had been taught to regard the democrats as ruffians; they found that, if misguided, our common soldiers (with exceptions such as are to be found on both sides) were, on the whole, brave and kindly folk, sons of farmers and others—persons, in fact, of the same rank with themselves; while the leaders who misguided them—if it must be that they did misguide—were gentlemen, in fact, more courteous and humane than many of the officers they were themselves accustomed to obey. They found that we had treated kindly all the prisoners we had in Rastadt. Good-will sprung up, therefore, between us and many of the men appointed to keep watch about us. This happened the more easily, since, of the regiments that had been brought against us, several were notoriously disposed to sympathize with our opinions and efforts, and had been marched to Baden, with the cannon, ready loaded, at their backs. One regiment, not to be quelled, was disarmed upon the road and marched back into Prussia.

We were most annoyed by the conceit of the young officers, lieutenants and others, who took pleasure in coming among us to enforce homage, and, at a cheap rate, prove their dignity by a safe insolence towards their elders and their betters. Major W., commandant—though he was firmly of opinion that we all ought to be shot—knowing what the terms of the capitulation had been, did all that he could to secure some approach to a fulfilment of them. He behaved like a gentleman and a Christian; and we honoured him, though we did wish that he had not held it to be part of his Christian duty to preach sermons to us about our sins to our people in the different forts and bastions. Once, when some of the prisoners were shot while in the act of escaping, the major made sermons of their bodies, ordering them to be placed upon boards and exhibited in all the prisons.

The revolution being quenched, and the people utterly quelled, no compulsion to mercy pressed upon the conquerors. The government of Baden, conscious that it had provoked the outbreak by its own mismanagement, and being really in the hands of kindly men, was inclined to clemency. The Prince of Prussia and his adherents, glad of an opportunity, off their own ground, of inflicting a severe blow on the German democrats, without putting themselves to any inconvenience, urged severity. The promises of General Count G. were set aside as informal, being given without reference to a superior authority, that of the Prince, who was at the time present in Baden. Nothing more was said of us as prisoners of war; we were treated and spoken of as captured malefactors. Court-martial law was put in force against us, and our judges were Prussians—officers and soldiers of the regiments we had been fighting with; men who had seen their friends and brethren fall under our balls, who themselves carried wounds of our inflicting.

Especially were the Prussians eager for the punishment of such of their own countrymen, officers in their army, as had participated in the Baden outbreak. As I was known to have been at one time in the Prussian service, I was one of the first men called before the judge. It was not credited that I had ceased to be a Prussian and belonged to Saxony. I could have proved the fact easily, but gained several weeks of valuable time by leaving them to arrive at their own assurance in the due official way.

The spirit of revenge by which the Prussian leaders were actuated, seemed to us proved by the haste they showed in bringing M. E. to trial. This gentleman had been secretary to the parliament; and, during the Baden revolution, was attached as a non-combatant to the ministry of war. During the seige of Rastadt, he kept up the spirit of our people by publishing a patriotic journal, in which the Prince of Prussia was not too politely dealt with. He was the first man whose blood soaked into the sand of Rastadt. The soldiers, not yet used to fusillades in cold blood, wavered, and the victim still living after the muskets had been fired upon him, was despatched with bayonets.

One of the next men shot, was our governor of Rastadt, whom at the time I found it hard to forgive for having resisted every request to destroy his papers before the entry of the enemy into the town. He would not, he said, burn historical documents; and so he left them to be seized, and to furnish evidence enough for the destruction of a score or two of lives. The governor was followed to the fatal ground by an old colonel. The bullets carried far away, a piece of his skull with one of his long grey locks attached to it.

Prussian soldiers brought us tidings of these things as we endeavoured to be cheerful in our casemates. Our servant had dressed some rough boards into a table and benches, upon which we played at chess with figures made of bread. The victuals allowed, being very bad, and the conditions under which the men lived fearfully unwholesome, great mortality arose among them—pent in the cells to which we had at first been taken; but of us, none became ill. We were better lodged; and a doctor, one of our fellow-prisoners, had wisely counselled us to make free use of cherry brandy. We had among us no small store of learning, wit and knowledge of the world. Old Colonel K. had seen a good deal of service during the French war, to which his scars bore honourable witness. He had sojourned for a long time in Constantinople, and in several stations on the coast of Africa, whence he came to France. He had been on his way through Baden to his home, where he had wife and children, when he was made, by the revolutionary government, colonel of the Hungarian legion. We disliked his Austrian manners, and a too subservient way towards our conquerors; but, he was a brave man nevertheless. K.'s adjutant was a hungry fellow who could never wait for dinner, and was noisy in his sleep; for the last-mentioned crime he was banished of nights to an adjoining compartment of our casemate, where he talked to his Fanny, questioning her conduct, or quarrelling with her chocolate, which he said smelt horribly. Lieutenant T. who had been in Finland, sang us Finnish songs. Major R., who was an able engineer, told us of the adventures he had had in Venice and elsewhere. Major W., who had fought in Polish battles, had good military tales to tell, and as the most orderly man in our party, was elected major-domo of the dungeons. M. S., a handsome merry fellow, who had been editor of a liberal paper, and as a born Bavarian believed in beer, amused us with incessant jokes, and sang almost hourly his beer lyric of Hildebrand and his son Hadubrand. These were the sort of men who formed our company.

The first great shock to our mirth came one morning after we had finished our small dinner—a measure of soup with a bit of dog's meat in it—when we were invaded by a host of Prussian officers, corporals, even civilians and gens-d'armes, with sticks, who bade us pack up and prepare to march. We expected change of quarters, but were marched into a meadow, and there ordered to strip. We were searched rigidly; everything that we had of value, our watches and even our money, was taken from us, except an allowance of tenpence a-piece for necessary extras to each person; and to me, as having held chief rank, the sum of half-a-crown. The reason assigned for these proceedings was the plundering by many of our soldiers in the last days of the siege; for the recovery of stolen property search had been made, the town authorities assisting, through all the prisons and upon the person of all prisoners. The result was, that in several casemates—especially those occupied by the artillerymen—much stolen property was found. For this reason we suffered insult and were robbed in return. The rueful and indignant posse of staff officers in shirts and drawers must have very much amused our searchers, who, when they had done their bidding, pointed to a heap of old clothes of the Baden army, out of which they bade us fit ourselves with garments. Old Colonel K., shaking with agitation of mind, grumbled in his beard that he had been among Turks and Moors, but never before had seen conduct like this. The Baden private soldiers are a lean race, and poor K. laboured in vain to get a portly person into any of the trousers placed at his disposal.

When we were all back in our kennel, we had several hours amusement at the expense of one another. We were grotesque spectacles; most grotesque of all, our scrupulous friend S., whose handsome figure and neat dress had always been the envy of his clumsier companions. He had arrayed himself in a common soldier's jacket much darned, with exceedingly short sleeves, and reaching not quite to the waist, with ople three buttons; trousers darned and patched in many places, ending not very far below his knees, wholly destitute of buttons, and slung over the shoulders with a piece of pack-thread. Old K. was still grumbling and trying impossibilities, while Major W., in a recruit's old clothes, pushed his cap back on his head, and practised the goose-step with great relish. The comedy became a tragedy next morning, when we discovered that these clothes were infested with vermin.

A day or two afterwards, I received* orders from an officer to pack up and follow him. I did so with a heavy heart, for this looked like the beginning of the end. Before the postern I was detained to await the coming of another prisoner, who proved to be a gentlemen well known and honoured in England—Dr. Kinkel.* He had been fellow deputy with me at Berlin in the second democratic congress. I did not know that this good poet and able man had been in Baden, still less did I know that he was prisoner. We were led to the same bastion, but not quartered together. I was to replace, in a casemate on the second floor, a comrade who had just been shot. This chamber was built for prisoners, and its first inmate had been M. von Struve. My companion in it was a Bavarian major, who was confidently expecting to be indulged by his own government with a few years arrest, as his offence had stopped short at the quitting of his regiment. The hope was vain. He was delivered up and shot. My position by change to this prison was again improved. We had pallets upon which to sleep, were allowed to procure books, and could get dinners from the town. There was also a yard in which we met other prisoners when suffered to take our daily airing.

One afternoon while I was confined here, Dr. Kinkel called to me; and, when I came to the window, told me that my wife was coming. She had written to me to die rather than fall into the hands of the Prussians; but, having fallen into their hands, was determined that I should not die if woman's zeal and devotion could prevent it. She had travelled to Potsdam; she had pleaded for my life with many influential persons; but they all told her that my destiny was in the hands of the generals at Baden. To Baden, therefore, she went next, and, being near me, spent her time almost incessantly on the road between Rastadt and Baden, where she appealed to the General, Count G. Thence, too, she journeyed constantly to Carlsruhe, Mannheim, every place to which the least glimmer of hope enticed her.

Then it was that the desire became strong in me to save the life she valued. I wrote to General Count G., reminding him of his unsought promise to remember me if we completed without disorder the affair of the surrender. I even planned escape and ground upon our stoves a rough key made of an iron hook torn from a shutter of the guard-house. It would turn one bolt of our lock, by the time that I learnt by a letter from Count G., and by report of others that he had been honourably mindful of his promise; that he had interceded for me with the grand duke; and that he meant again to do so. I wrote the good news to my wife, and began hoping.

My preliminary examination was conducted by a Baden judge, who acted with great fairness. Unfortunately, the late governor's historical documents were chiefly in my hand-writing. I was charged, especially, with having commanded the bombardment of the Prussians in Ludwigshaven—opposite Mannheim—and with having delayed, by my speeches and actions, the surrender of Rastadt. Legal proofs would still have been difficult to bring against me if my adjutant in Mannheim had not—being absent in prison—received the news of the surrender of Rastadt as evidence of treason on my part, and therefore felt no hesitation to play traitor against me, by offering such evidence as, taken with everything else, left me few reasons to show against my being shot. The judge recommended to me, for my help before the court-martial, a very able advocate of Bruchsal. This gentleman busied himself in producing and rebutting evidence; but knowing how court-martials act and think—since I had sat on them myself—I relied more on my own personal appeal. It was not usual to tell the prisoners beforehand on what days they were to be severally tried. A Prussian officer, however, had the courtesy to let me know that the fifteenth of September (one thousand eight hundred and forty-nine) was the day on which I was appointed to appear and answer for my life.

On the eve of that day I bade farewell to my friends, and, covering the windows with a cloak, lights not being permitted, I prepared during the night my defence; then slept, while my good wife was busy in Mannheim searching after witnesses. She interested many who were to be brought up against me, and I think not without effect. In the morning the friendly hostess of the Three Kings, in Rastadt, sent me chocolate and a bottle of good wine, to give me courage for the work I had to do. Breakfast was not over when certain gens-d'armes—who had once been ready to lick my shoes—now distinguished themselves by brutality of manner in their dealings with me. They came to convey me to the palace. The carriage they placed me in moved very slowly, because of the throng of soldiers who escorted it. The people in the streets, who loathed these bloody court-martials, came to look at me often: not without loud expressions of their sympathy; and the gens-d'armes were busily engaged in taking note of the chief sympathizers.

The court-martial was held in a large saloon in the palace. I found it thronged; and there was a crowd without, to look in at the windows. One part of the room was raised two steps above the rest, and, on this dais, there sat behind a table covered with green cloth, my seven judges. To the right of them, within a pulpit, sate the public prosecutor with a secretary at a little table behind. A little lower down, on the same side, was the pulpit of the judge who conducted the preliminary investigation. Parted from the space given to these officials by a barrier, was the pulpit of the counsel for the prisoner; and at its side was the bench on which I sat, having gens-d'armes with loaded arms at their elbow.

The public prosecutor charged me with every offence punishable by martial law, treason excepted; as I was not one of the Grand Duke's subjects. He exhibited me after the manner of a showman. "There, gentlemen, you see the fierce and blood-thirsty tiger; hitherto there have been brought before you, smaller vermin; but you see now the most cruel beast of the whole tribe." I was denounced in a speech full of virulent personal abuse as one of the beginners of European revolution, and as a person whom it was essential to see instantly shot. My own advocate wrote on a slip of paper which he gave me, that he was much pleased by this unskilful behaviour. When my turn came to defend myself, I spoke for two hours; speaking for my life, and trusting merely to the tone of this direct address for any chance of life I had. The speech was published and praised even in hostile papers. The impression made by it on the assembly was certainly favourable.

It was then asked by the President of the court whether I wished the witnesses to be sworn? They were sworn, and they perplexed the court much by their evidence. They were most of them artillerymen, who had served under my orders; and in a former process against one of their captains (believing me to have escaped into Switzerland), they had, for the benefit of their imperilled comrade, diverted all the blame they could from him to me. Now that I was on the prisoner's bench, they were desirous to reverse their policy, and gave their evidence as far as they could with a view to my acquittal. The public prosecutor losing temper, exclaimed to the judges, "If you do not condemn this fellow, the world will say you favoured him because he was your countryman." The audience, chiefly composed of Prussian officers, murmured its indignation. "It is not likely that the world would say he was condemned because he was your countryman," my counsel answered, and he then made an excellent speech on my behalf.

While my counsel was speaking I looked at my judges, and saw little hope in their faces. One, was a fair, insignificant-looking corporal, who was evidently feeling the discussions tedious. Another, was a thin, pale, young second lieutenant, with a little head on a long neck. The captain was evidently one of those whose soul poured itself out only on drill; he had nothing in his head but buttons and shoe leather. The first lieutenant was a man who drank, and had wine in his brains. The serjeant was a man with a black beard, who kept his eyes gloomily fixed on the table, and the common soldier was a man after the shape and pattern of the major, who sat as president of the court in the middle, stout and stolid. When these judges retired, I was taken into another room where a captain, who had been in youth one of my comrades at the cadet house, shortened the time for me with his conversation. After the lapse of half an hour he bade me take courage, for the long deliberation was unusual, and a sign of disagreement among the members of the court. The deliberation came, however, to an end, and I was led back to my bench. The judges entering five minutes afterwards, looked rather flushed, but that was all. "Whatever the verdict," whispered my advocate, "I am sure you will bear it like a man." The court was hushed, and, the whole assembly standing, a long decision was read by the president, ending with this: "Sentenced to death by being shot, and to pay the expenses."

A low murmur ran through the assembly. The blood seemed to run back to my heart for an instant. But I was soon myself again, and might have smiled had I not known that my poor wife was awaiting the decision of the court, only a few houses off. I thanked my advocate. It was the dark serjeant, who I knew had been holding out against his officers. The gens-d'armes accompanied me back to the carriage which was waiting in the castle yard. A crowd surrounded us; but my thoughts were only with my wife in the hotel of the Three Kings. At last the gens-d'armes entered the carriage, and it travelled slowly over the rough pavement, Prussian soldiers guarding it. In the upper story of the inn, all windows were closed; but, as we turned the corner, I heard a shriek from behind one of them of the ground-floor, and saw a hand stretched towards me. I recognised my wife's voice and leaned out towards her. The gens-d'armes pushed me back into my seat, and the coach rolled on.

I have told how the Baden revolution was quelled. The story of what befel me as a sentenced revolutionist is more personal. I will tell it; but not to-day.—*Dickens's Household Words.*

* See Household Words, Vol. ii., page 121.

THE COCKLE SHELL.

I CAME from the greenwood, I came to the sea,
But found on my table no cockle for me!
There were billa from the butcher, and billets from girls,
Things common as pebbles, and precious as pearls;
There were volumes of poetry, volumes of prose—
By fifty new poets, whom nobody knows;
There were things fair to look at, and things sweet to smell,
Engravings and nosegays—but devil a shell!

Now, my lady, I teased her, with many a prayer,
When she went to the ocean to *think* of me there,
And to write me a letter at Sudbury Oaks—
A page full of gossip, and all the best jokes;
This indeed she denied me—but whispered, "Write me,
And then I will *think* of you down by the sea."
"Oh, think of me *everywhere*, lady—farewell!
But to show that you think of me send me a shell!"

Then I went to the greenwood—I slept in the shade
Of the midsummer branches, that sung serenade;
There I breathed the fresh meadows—I drank the warm vine,
I tasted the perfume that weeps from the pine,
And I lay by the brookside, a listening the bee,
And was lulled by the locust—but thought of the sea;
I picked the green apples, by chance as they fell,
And I fed me with berries—but sighed for my shell.

Back and forth to the wood, with no song on my lips,
Back and forth to the city to gaze on the ships—
To eye the tall vessels and smell of the sea,
But scallop or cockle comes never to me!
I wander at daybreak, I sit late at night—
And I think many things but have no heart to write;
No heart, dear, to speak of, 'tis mute in its cell—
Could Apollo make music, deprived of his shell?

—*Putnam's Magazine for October.*

A NEW CLERICAL CELEBRITY.

THE REV. MR. SPURGEON has been daguerreotyped by a graphic writer in the (London) *Daily News*. The writer, after referring to the immense crowd now attending this gentleman's ministrations in Exeter-hall, says: A short, squarely-built man, with piercing eyes, with thick black hair parted down the middle, with a sallow countenance only redeemed from heavinoss by the restlessness of the eyes, advances along the platform towards the seat of honour. A cataract of short coughs, indicative of the relief afforded to the ill-repressed impatience of the assembly, announces to the stranger that the business of the evening is commenced. He will be told with a certain degree of awe by those whom he asks for information that the person just arrived is the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon. He will perhaps hear, in addition to this, that Mr. Spurgeon is beyond all question the most popular preacher in London; that he is obliged to leave off preaching in the evening at his chapel in New Park street, Southwark, on account of the want of room to accommodate more than a mere fraction of the thousands who flock to hear him; that Exeter-hall has been taken for the purpose of diminishing in a slight degree the disappointment experienced; but that nothing will be done to afford effectual relief until the new chapel which is in contemplation is built, and which is intended to hold 15,000 persons.

The service commences with a hymn, read first throughout by the minister, and then sung by the congregation. The effect of the multitude of voices singing in unison is very fine. The minister then reads a chapter, accompanying the reading with expositions remarkable only for the decisive tone in which they are delivered, and a strange want of comprehension of those elements of archæological knowledge which are as necessary in the study of the Bible as in that of any other Oriental book. A hymn and prayer follow, and then comes the sermon, in which those peculiarities which have made Mr. Spurgeon famous come out in full force.

The first thing which strikes the spectator is the way in which the speaker makes himself at home with his congregation. He is "hail fellow well met" with them directly. He addresses questions to them, he answers these questions funnily, and he contrives to let his hearers feel how much wiser they are to be sitting there than anywhere else. No phrase is too homely for him, no allusion too absurd. He compliments their understanding, at the same time that he tells them he is not going to overtax it. Everything that he says is to be so plain that those who run may read. "I like to preach so that there shall be no mistake about it!" he tells them in so many words. He likes to use the plainest of words too. "There are some ministers who are mealy-mouthed, afraid to speak out. These," he tells them, "are Beau Brummell ministers." In order to explain this allusion he relates the old story of Brummell confessing to having once eaten a pea when taxed with eating vegetables. A tumult of laughter follows this very novel story. He is not at all averse to press a pun into his service. "A man," he says, "sits down in self sufficiency, thinking I can't do all that.' Oh, blessed day, when God directs his shots against that. I know I hugged that old idea a long time, with my 'cans,' 'cans,' 'cans,' but I found my 'cans' would hold no water, and suffered all I put in to run out." We have already spoken of the free and easy way in which he alludes to ministers of other denominations and other shades of belief than his own. He does not always content himself with a sneer. He represents the soul of one of the damned coming up from the pit and appearing to a minister on his death-bed, saying to him, "I came to thee often trembling on account of my sin, I asked thee the road to heaven, and thou didst say, 'Do such and such good works,' and I did them and I am damned." Then follow others, and then the minister dies and "hears his parish come howling after him into hell." The ministers who are such especial objects of Mr. Spurgeon's aversion, and whom he impales so ferociously for his own self-glorification and the amusement of his congregation, are those, be it understood, who refuse to preach the extreme Calvinism in which he delights, for the simple reason that they cannot interpret the Holy Scriptures as he interprets them. For this they are called unfaithful, and sentenced to be howled after into hell by the souls which they have ruined. It is not our purpose here to enter into a theological controversy on the peculiar merits of Calvinism or Arminianism, but we have surely a right to demand that, when the former doctrine is preached, it should be done with some regard to public decency. Mr. Spurgeon's hearers may have become accustomed to that gentleman's mode of enforcing his doctrines, but no one who has not undergone the discipline in which they have been exercised can listen without a shudder to such phrases as "Christ never intended to save the damned." Surely the decency of religious worship is violated by such sentences as these:

Go and try my Saviour! If he casts you away after you have sought him, tell it in the pit that Christ would not hear you.

If you were lost, God's honour would be as much tarnished as if the greatest one were lost.

Then he talks of "accusing God" if he punishes after the work of redemption is performed, &c.

But the most striking feature of Mr. Spurgeon's preachings is the strong dramatic element which is so prominent. He is never so happy as when he can dramatize a story or some imaginary incident for the benefit of his hearers. On these occasions he walks up and down the platform, throws himself into various attitudes, gesticulates, varies his voice, and roars, bellows, or whines, as the case may demand. For instance, he may be talking of Adam's fall and the redemption of Adam's descendants, and he will fix his eyes earnestly either on the ceiling or a remote corner of the hall, and call out suddenly, in a loud commanding voice—

"Adam, where art thou? I have a controversy with thee, man! Now, Adam, what hast thou lost for me?"

Then looking round rather knowingly upon the congregation, he continues—

"Oh," answers Adam, "I have lost my crown."

Here follows a long speech from Adam, in which he explains the glories of the crown he had lost. Let us have the reply—

"Ah, Adam, thou hast lost me my crown, hast thou? Never mind, Adam; Christ puts a crown on my head," &c.

Adam next confesses to have lost his mitre, Paradise, and the image of God, enlarging at each answer on the merits of each. To all these confessions Mr. Spurgeon answers jovially, with a kind of rollicking joy that is difficult to describe.

Or he will be talking about death, and will interrupt himself with a start and an exclamation—

"Death! I see him there—Oh, death!—Oh, foolish Death. Thy casket is broken," &c.

THE EARLY PRINTERS.

LEARNED themselves, and engaged in printing from ancient and classical manuscripts, they were naturally the associates of the first literary characters of the time—Indeed, in the infancy of printing, and long afterwards, the occupation was considered highly honourable, and was only undertaken by well-educated persons. It became the glory of the learned to be known as correctors of the press to literary printers—physicians, lawyers, bishops, and even popes themselves, occupied this department; their names were mentioned on the copies as correctors of the press, and the editions were valued accordingly.

When Sweynheim and Pannartz were invited to set up a press at Rome, they were encouraged by all the men of letters there, and the Pope himself visited their printing-house, and examined with admiration every branch of the new art. The bishop of Aleria furnished them with the most valuable manuscripts out of the Vatican and other libraries, and also prepared the copy, corrected the proofs, and prefixed dedications and prefaces to their works—Peter Cenini of Florence invariably compared and corrected his editions of the Classics with the most ancient manuscripts. The Archbishop of Tours, in 1496, established the first press in his own palace at Tours. The Spiras, 1469, at Venice, surpassed all other printers in the beauty and symmetry of their types and the elegance of their impressions, which render their editions admired and esteemed. For correctors they had two of the most learned men of their age—Christopher Berardus of Pesauro, and George Alexandrinus. Zarot of Milan, whose main province was the printing of classics, which he executed with extraordinary diligence and accuracy, had the famous Peter Justin Philelphus, and Stephen Dulcinio, prebend of Scala, as his correctors of the press.

Caxton was highly esteemed, and held a friendly intercourse with two men, famous in their day—Tiptoft, Earl of Worcester, and Anthony Widvile, Earl Rivers—as well as with the Duchess of Burgundy, who encouraged him to continue his translation of the History of Troy, which he afterwards printed. Aldus Manutius, whether the descendant of a noble family or the son of a converted Jew, will live in the memory of man so long as there remains in the world a love of literature, for his patient and unwearied assiduity in rescuing the labours of the writers of Greece and of Rome from the dark oblivion of the middle ages, to which object, he devoted the best years of his life and the whole of his fortune. He paid the most sedulous attention to his printing office, carried on an extensive correspondence with the literati of Europe, explained the classics to a numerous auditory of students, and also found time to compose various works which are characterized by profound learning If not the first who set up a Greek press, there is no doubt that he evinced great zeal in re-establishing the study of this language, by the number and variety of the Greek authors which he gave to the public. Conscious that his single labours were inadequate to the diffusion of literature, he assembled around him a circle of the most learned men of the age, formed them into a society, which he called *Aldi Neacademia*, which rendered the most essential services to the interests of literature. Peter Alcyonius, Marcus Musurus, Demetrius Chalcondylus, and Alexander Bondinus, driven from their own country, found refuge with Aldus, and contributed essentially to the correctness of the editions of his classical works. Aldus was deservedly ennobled, as were others of this profession. Philip de Lignamine was of the equestrian order, and the favorite and confidential friend of the Pope—Nicholas Jansen was made count-palatine of the Rhine—Sixtus Russenger was ennobled by Ferdinand, king of Naples—John Mentilius was ennobled by the emperor, Frederic III.—John Gutenberg, also, the original inventor of the art, was ennobled by Archbishop Adolphus, the elector of Mentz. All of them, being of the higher class, bore arms, and many individuals amongst them were distinguished by peculiar marks of the favour of the sovereigns in whose times they flourished. This will show what influence the profession exercised upon individuals, and at the same time mark the influence of the art in promoting the general advantage.—*Printing: its Antecedents, Origin, and Results.*

Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

The Wesleyan Conference has renewed its prohibition of dancing and card-playing in the families of members of the body, on the ground that these practices "are not in harmony with religion."

——M. de Lamartine, who for some time has been in Macon, France, where he is suffering from rheumatism, has received from the Emperor of Brazil one hundred thousand francs, as payment of five thousand subscriptions to his Familiar Course of Literature.

——PETER THE GREAT AN EDITOR.—The first Russian newspaper was published in 1703, and Peter the Great was its senior editor. The Imperial Autocrat not only took part personally in its editorial composition, but in correcting proofs, as appears from sheets still in existence, on which are marks and alterations in his own hand.

——THE COTTON CROP IN ALGERIA.—The *Moniteur* publishes a decree, founded on a report from the Minister of War, modifying previous decrees for the encouraging of colonization in Algeria, and ordering that until the year 1859, the state shall purchase on its account, the cotton grown by planters in Algeria, at a price to be fixed on beforehand each year, according to the kind and quality of the article produced.

——ORIGINES.—Paulus Jovius is the first who has introduced mottoes: Dorat the first who brought anagrams into fashion. Rabelais is the first who has written satires in French prose: Etienne Jodelle the first who introduced tragedies into France. The Cardinal of Ferrara, archbishop of Lyons, is the first person who had a tragi-comedy performed on the stage by Italian comedians. The first sonnet which appeared in French, is attributed to Jodelle.

——POETS AND THE POT-HOUSES.—"I was amused," says the biographer of Montgomery, "with the poet's statement to the effect that the house in which Moore was born is now a whiskey-shop; that Burns's native cottage is a public house; Shelly's house at Great Marlow, a beer-shop; the spot where Scott was born occupied by a building used for a similar purpose; and even Coleridge's residence at Nether Stowey, the very house in which the poet composed the sweet 'Ode to the Nightingale,' is now an ordinary beer-house."

—— AUTOGRAPHS.—At a sale of autographs, which lately took place in London, there were a series of 44 letters of the poet Cowper, of which number 21 were unpublished, being part of the correspondence of the poet with his cherished friend, Mr. Samuel Rose. These interesting letters were sold singly, at prices ranging from two guineas to £10 15s. Among other lots of interest in the sale were signals used at the battle of Trafalgar, signed by Nelson, which sold for £5 5s. Letters of Sir David Wilkie, chiefly to Mr. Coppard and Mr. Macdonald, engraver, sold for £7. Memoir of Mr. Henry Weber, seven pages, in the autograph of Sir Walter Scott, sold for £2 5s. A signature of Judge Jeffreys, sold for £1 12s. A series of autographs of authors, bound, in nine vols., from the Upcott Collection, sold for £15 5s.

——The drama in its decline! (says the *Athenæum.*) They settle that question at six years old. Step up stairs and peep into the nursery. Ariel has scarcely heard of the stage; she knows as little of poetry as Monsieur Jourdain